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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

June 2, 1965

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ALL ABOUT ROSES

EYE MAKE-UP GUIDE

How to be at social ease . . . anywhere

22 GOOD SOUP RECIPES

BARBRA STREISAND

Ugly duckling sang her way to wealth — page 3

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

DO you remember the English rebel-debutante daughter of Lord and Lady Clanmorris, Miss Charlotte Bingham, of *Coronet Among the Weeds* fame?

In the hilarious pages of her book, which we serialised in 1963, Charlotte told of her scorn for the "debs' delights" and similar Weeds.

"I believe in love," she claimed, "and everything corny.

"My mother says I'll end up in a two-roomed flat in Hampstead because of it, but I believe there IS a superman.

"Somewhere."

As it turned out, she found him — in the form of her husband, English actor Terrence Brady.

● Now 22, she is pictured at right with her recently born daughter, Candida.

"I believe in keeping busy"

MRS. NELLIE WITHNALL, of Padstow, N.S.W., does beautiful tatting lace work, but that is the only activity which fits the picture of a grandmother of 12 who is nearing her 81st birthday.

For instance, jam-making: after each Royal Easter Show Mrs. Withnall puts her prize-winning marmalade on the breakfast table, and distributes some of her collection of jams (another first prize) among family and friends.

For ten years she has been a regular exhibitor in the show, and it is nothing for her to carry off two or three firsts.

She has been champion marmalade exhibitor for "four or five years now, I'm not sure which," and enters various types of cakes, ferns from her hothouse, and of course samples of tatting.

Mrs. Withnall learnt the art of tatting from a Singalese cook who worked for her family in North Queensland when she was a young girl.

"I don't know where he picked it up, but I've tried to pass it on to my grandchildren without much success. They find it difficult."

Among her other hobbies is painting. She attends art classes each week.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the most popular Sunday - afternoon speakers in the Sydney Domain came out with a somewhat startling comment recently: "The trouble with most men today is that they only have the bodies of men, with the minds of women. Most women today have men's minds. If you want a good conversation, take out a woman!"

OUR COVER

● The current smash sensation on Broadway Barbra Streisand, whose first TV special—*My Name is Barbra*—will be screened soon on Australian TV (see page 3).

And here, by the way, is what she calls her Nefertiti profile.

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STREISAND: A glittering new light in show business

• Barbra Streisand used to look over the rooftop of her Brooklyn tenement home to the lights of Manhattan. Now she is the girl who owns Broadway.

She will be seen on Australian TV next week.

THE worst, absolutely lowest, most impossible thing about success to Barbra Streisand, the unprecedented American star of 1964-65 — and for all I know, future generations—is to be interrupted when eating.

The 22-year-old Brooklyn-born and Broadway reborn skyrocket sat quietly in her newly decorated living-room, which is filled with f. F. f. (fine French furniture) and extolled the sacred rite of eating in peace and quiet.

"The other night I was dying to go to Leone's — you know, they sit you down at a table with a big hunk of cheese and fruit and raw vegetables and breadsticks. But I hadda go there on the night of a festival.

"The place was jammed, and even though the food was great — listen, they brought us hot chestnuts after, which flipped me — people kept coming

By LIZ SMITH

up in a stream all through dinner and saying that same thing over and over: 'Listen, I hate to bother you, but will you sign this?'

"I wanted to say to them, 'If you hate to bother me, why do you? Why don't you just admit that you know you're bothering me and don't care?'

"To be disturbed when you're trying to eat — that's awful," said the owner of a ten-year, multi-million dollar contract with CBS, the girl who won unparalleled concessions from a TV network.

She just refused 45,000 dollars (about £A22,000) for a single evening's work.

She stars in *Funny Girl*, a Broadway hit amalgamated almost entirely of her unique personality.

Barbra and her young husband, Elliott Gould, have tried to get organised since she shot to fame last May. They find it easier to stay home than cope with Barbra's teeming fans. Otherwise, they go to some restaurant like "21," where they know they will be protected.

"I do dig the steak Diane and chocolate souffle at '21'," said Barbra, "and who would bother you there. In that place everybody is somebody. If I'm not careful, I might go up to a table there and bother somebody myself.

Hot corn on the cob

"There's a new White Tower open all night on Forty-sixth Street and we go there; also a Snack-time on Thirty-fourth Street near Eighth Avenue. I sit in the car and Elliott brings me hot buttered corn on the cob."

Just in case, the refrigerator in the modern kitchen of their dream duplex on Central Park West is stocked with TV dinners, coffee ice-cream, and the other exotics of packaged dining.

But the Goulds have come quite a long way from the chaotic life they were reported to be leading at the moment of Barbra's initial big impact when both *Life* and *Time* had her on their covers, and everybody in the world was rushing to analyse her, describe her, and predict that her Hansel-and-Gretel marriage couldn't last.

Nowadays, Barbra and Elliott are better organised, and life is nicer.

The apartment is "getting done" — its pale mauve flocked entrance hall a triumph, its formal and sterile living-room and dining-room finished though looking unlived in — its celebrated bedroom upstairs now completed with a chartreuse carpet covering the mounted approach to the canopied bed, the profusion of attractive pillows, and the stunning fur coverlet.

Only the terrace, looking out over Central Park and around at the Hudson River, needs sprucing up, and the soft burgundy-colored den with its grand piano is unfinished.

These days, a housekeeper, Mary, takes special care of the Goulds, and even cooks for them — leaving after-theatre treats such as fillet of sole stuffed with salmon, baked in sour cream, and topped with almonds.

There are plenty of other changes around Barbra these days. Stardom, achieved and savored for months, has smoothed her rough edges, calmed her down, given her a chance to accept herself. Now she is quiet and warm.

"One changes normally all the time, of course," she said, "but now I am more relaxed, less quick to judge, much less defensive. I hope I've lost that grasping quality, the over-emotionalism."

It was a sunny, crisp day when I called to see Barbra. She was in the beginning of plans for the first of her television specials, *My Name Is Barbra*. On a Victorian sofa in the entrance hall lay a black mink cape, lined in the same maroon print fabric as the upholstery of the sofa.

She was wearing a bulky, V-neck maroon sweater (shades of maroon, mauve, burgundy, pink, dusty rose, and red seem to be her favorites), grey jersey stretch pants tucked into short black boots, and no jewellery except a platinum wedding ring. I was surprised to find she had cut her hair off — it was sliced across her head in a kind of reddish-brown cap which revealed elfin-like ears.

Beat the Sassoon fad

She pooh-poohed reports that she is the customer of an exclusive New York salon. Her hairdresser is that little old beauty operator, Barbra.

"You know I had my hair cut some time ago in an ordinary beauty shop in London, shorter at the back than on the sides. When I came back here the whole Vidal Sassoon fad was just beginning.

"Then I found a wonderful guy in Chicago named Fredrick Glaser — he was so neat, such a perfectionist — so now whenever there is some big deal I have him fly in. But otherwise I tend to it myself."

She was carefully undermade-up except for the eyes, which were generously outlined and about the bluest I've ever seen.

Her generous mouth glistened with a natural lip pomade, and her nails were glinting and silvery. I have never seen anybody look quite so spotlessly clean, young, and disarming. This is a girl some of the world's best reporters have come to see — writing down her offbeat remarks, falling under her spell, telling her after a few hours or days' observation how beautiful she *really* is, and how everyone else has missed her essence.

"Then," she laughed, "they go away and describe me as an ant-eater — all the same old things about the nose, the ugly duckling, the Cinderella bit, etc. My mother, who still doesn't quite believe what has happened to me, gets furious and I think . . . I'm afraid, she tells them off.

"Somebody wrote I had Fu-Manchu nails, and she dashed off a letter signed 'Barbra's mother.' Imagine what they thought when they got that!"

Her contract for *Funny Girl* runs until December. After that, what?

"I'd like to have a baby, or take a vacation in Europe."

To page 12

STARDOM has changed Barbra from an ugly-duckling extrovert (she once dyed her hair scarlet, painted her face white) into a sophisticate.

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NEXT WEEK

★ Why *not* have a CHRISTMAS PUDDING like this . . .

...NOW?

June's a sensible time to have a luscious, hot, fruity Christmas pudding — and there's a marvellous recipe in our 16-page liftout

WINTER PUDDINGS

. . . mmm, there are more than 100 recipes for everything from light and lovely party desserts to the substantial puddings that will please and satisfy the family's cold-weather appetites.

And:

★ You'll learn all about

LILIUMS new and old

. . . from our gardening expert R. H. Anderson, in six new pages for your gardening book.

And:

★ Like to Make Your Own Money? Well, we'll show you how, with our fascinating "issue" of decimal coins next week . . .

. . . it's an ingenious way to help children understand the money.

And:

Hello, Dollies!

★ That's what the pop music fans are saying . . .

. . . and the story behind the girl singers is in Teenagers' Weekly.

Carved from a real.... ..live model!

• Queensland grazier Fred Gardiner—horse-breaker, woodchop champion, expert wood carver — collects death adders.

FRED GARDINER started carving from nature — horses, birds, goannas, snakes — to stop going crazy during a spell of flood rains.

"It was about 10 years ago," he said. "The property was surrounded by water, not deep, but impossible to get out in a car.

"It lasted for about three weeks, and the roads were impassable for another three weeks.

"I felt I'd go off my head if I didn't do something.

"I waded through the scrub and water until I found a sandalwood. I cut it down, took a piece about 2ft. long, and went back to the homestead and started whittling.

"I tried to do a horse, but I worked across the grain and naturally the legs kept breaking off.

By JEAN BRUCE

"That was my first lesson in wood carving. I found I had to work up and down the grain."

Since then Mr. Gardiner has won four firsts and other prizes for carving at Brisbane's Royal National Show.

(He also has awards from show woodchop events.)

For five years he worked with a stock pocket-knife, the kind of knife that's used for nearly everything in the country.

DEATH ADDER carved in red cedar (above). Mr. Gardiner used a live model, prodding it with a piece of wire to make it assume the "strike."

Then a man at Finchhatton, North Queensland, wrote to say he'd seen Fred Gardiner's work, and would like to present him with a set of fine English carving tools he had.

It takes about 20 to 30 hours to do a piece of carving. Fred likes to work in timbers like beech, moth cedar, and camphor laurel.

Six-foot tall under a wide-brimmed Stetson, 46-year-old Frederick Langlough Gardiner is a man of few words who travels light.

On a recent trip to Brisbane he carried a suitcase of wood carvings, and, in the back of his station sedan, a tin with three live death adders. (Trouble with a car key meant he had to leave his sedan unlocked in Brisbane's usually adderless streets.)

"POOR from drought," says Fred Gardiner of these death adders he caught on his property at Hannaford, Qld. "They are more deadly when fat and healthy." He has caught hundreds of adders for snakebite serum.

Once he came down to Brisbane, got in late at night.

"I was carrying three death adders in a cake tin," he said. "They fit nicely into a moderate sized cake tin, with a little straw.

"I was to share the hotel room, and I thought it might worry my room-mate if he heard the adders moving in the tin.

"Of course, if I explained there were snakes in the tin, he mightn't sleep. Not everyone likes adders in the bedroom.

"So I put the tin, tied with string, under a chair in the lobby, intending to be up early and shift it.

"But the cleaner, an old Scotswoman, was up first.

What's in the cake tin? Snakes!

"She must have got quite a shock. She had picked up the tin, taken it into the kitchen to the owner's wife. They cut the string, and lifted the lid . . .

"I was told 'Get them out of the boarding house immediately.' So I took the adders to the first snake man I could find."

Fred Gardiner and his brother, Ted, run "Calalo," a 5000-acre property at Hannaford, in the Tara district, southern Queensland.

The place was alive with death adders 18 years ago.

"They were so bad," he said, "that I used to kill over 100 a year. Even my wife learned to catch them when they came too near the homestead.

"Death adders are easily caught in daytime. Immediately they see you they'll stop, and prepare to strike.

"As they become angry they form a circle, and you just poke a stick or a piece of wire through the circle and drop the adder into a bag or tin."

His snakes provide antivenin for Queensland hospitals.

Before he settled at Hannaford, Fred Gardiner was a horsebreaker.

He was with the N.S.W. Remounts during the war, breaking horses.

He also used to ride at rodeos.

With one daughter married and four other children (including two champion boy tennis players) growing up, he hopes there'll be more time for carving. It's an interest his wife, Ann, shares.

He says, "Ann is good with pencil sketches. We discuss everything before I start a piece.

"She has done a couple of carvings herself, both highly commended at the Brisbane Show.

"But wood carving is really a man's work. It takes a fair bit of strength in the hands."

CARVINGS by Mr. Gardiner of pelican and house cat done in beech. The cat took 20 hours to do. Everyone wants to buy it.

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THE BAREFOOT BUS DRIVER

ABOVE: Joan, barefoot for driving ("I hate shoes," she says), stands by her bus.

Left: On the road to Skippers, Joan Hamilton's bus parks precariously to allow passengers (circled) to look dizzily down to the Shotover River.

THE ROAD to Skippers winds like a thread up Long Gully past The Lighthouse, standing sentinel, with snow-capped Mt. Aurum (7315ft.) in the distance. This is South Island, New Zealand.

● The 19 miles from Queenstown to Skippers, a gold mining ghost-town in New Zealand's South Island, offers an exciting — even blood-curdling — tourist experience.

A road, sometimes only 7ft. wide, hugging a mountainside over sheer drops of 800ft. . . . a barefoot (but expert) woman driver who has done the trip 4000 times, and never lost a passenger.

TWICE a day, five days a week, nine months of the year (winter weather cuts the road for about three months) a busload of intrepid tourists makes the trip to Skippers, 38 miles there and back.

The return run, allowing for a half-way tea break and stops for passengers to take photographs, takes about three hours.

By
Robin Adair

On the 14 miles of 480 curves, the driver never exceeds 15 m.p.h. . . . driving in her bare feet, keeping watch in the rear-vision mirror to see if any of the passengers are looking seedy with fright.

"Sometimes I have to back up the nervous ones," says Joan Hamilton, a vivacious, smiling woman from the pretty little holiday resort of Queenstown.

She does this hair-raising drive every day, and loves every minute of it.

Lose nerve

And she drives barefoot because, she says, "I just hate shoes!"

A lot of private drivers reach Skippers, then lose their nerve and have to be guided back to Queenstown by a road-service pilot.

Not Joan. She has driven on the Skippers run for 10 years — the full, breath-taking trip 4000 times, taking 40,000 passengers around two million Skippers curves.

As far as she knows, there has never been a fatal crash on the thin line of road that hugs the mountains for 14 miles.

"I believe there is an appointed time to die for everyone," she says, "Skippers doesn't scare me.

"I don't mean I have an irresponsible, devil-may-care attitude to driving. I don't take chances."

Yet, her first drive along the fiendish road was accidental. She didn't know she had done it.

She and her husband, Ian Hamilton, started the tourist bus service 10 years ago.

"The Colonel," as she called him ("nothing to do with the services," she says. "Everyone called him that—he gave the orders and we jumped") drove on the Skippers route, and she did easier runs.

"One day I discovered he had left four passengers behind.

"I piled them into a bus, and planned to catch him at an early stop for pictures.

"I just kept driving and driving until I came to a dead end. 'I'm lost,' I told the people, drove them back to Queenstown, and refunded their fares.

"Later that day one of the passengers turned up at the office and handed back the money.

"He'd mentioned the incident at his hotel, and it turned out that I HAD taken them to Skippers after all!

"From then on Skippers was 'my' run."

Tragically, Ian Hamilton was killed in a bus crash in September, 1963, driving an empty bus just out of Queenstown, far from the danger of cliff-hanging roads.

Runs company

Joan drives past the spot every time she takes a bus party out.

Since her husband's death, she has run the four-bus company alone. She would like to sell out.

"It's not that my heart isn't in the business," she said. "I just hate, and have trouble finding the time to do the book side of it."

A condition of sale, Joan said, would be that she stayed on as a driver.

Picking the drivers (all male) for the other three mini-buses in the fleet is difficult and painstaking.

"I only hire a driver I know personally," Joan said. "There's no room for mistakes on Skippers."

Joan is an experienced motorist.

As a teenager during World War II she was one of the first three girl motorcycle riders in Dunedin.

Ironically, Joan the tourist driver has done little travelling and sightseeing. She has never been out of New Zealand.

"I don't do much private driving," she says. "I'd be terrified in Sydney traffic. And I hate flying and sailing."

Her daughter, Terri, almost 16, has her licence—but won't follow in her mother's tyretracks.

She is learning hairdressing, in Dunedin.

"One *hair-raiser* in the family is enough!" says Joan.

Skippers was once a thriving mining town (named after a Captain Gray, who found gold there in 1861 after he had been stranded by the wreck of his ship) and Joan has other links with the place besides her daily drive there.

She has a bracelet of 60 nuggets panned from the Shotover River, below Skippers, a pair of earrings made from two Shotover nuggets, and a ring made from the local gold.

She buried the ring with the Colonel.

GOLD from Skippers went into Joan's 60-nugget bracelet, which is worth £75. These and the two nuggets in her earrings were panned in the Shotover River.

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Shining hair, so neatly held ...it's the beauty of Gossamer

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JUNE SPECIAL

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SPECIAL PRICE
ONLY 12/11
SAVE 3/7

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U.S. DRESSMAKING EXPERT TO TOUR FOR US

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York office

● "Stitch It With Bridget!" Thus rings the siren call in American newspaper ads. and on television, luring women into a new do-it-yourself occupation. The rallying cry has attracted thousands of women and girls to dressmaking classes in many American cities.

"BRIDGET" of the slogan is a neat package of Irish good looks and charm named Bridget Maginn — a woman of many parts, incorporating British intelligence, Continental taste and culture, and American business nous.

She arrives next month to give dressmaking demonstrations in eight Australian cities, and then three cities in New Zealand.

Her demonstrations will also be shown on television in all States.

Miss Maginn's tour is sponsored by *The Australian Women's Weekly* and Butterick Patterns.

BRIDGET MAGINN, above and left, who will give dressmaking demonstrations in all Australian States and also in New Zealand.

MISS MAGINN'S tour opens in Brisbane on July 5 with lectures and parades at McWhirters Ltd. and Allan and Stark Ltd. until Juy 9. She then appears in Sydney at Farmer & Co. Ltd., July 12-16 inclusive; Melbourne, Myer Ltd., July 19-24 inclusive; Adelaide, The Myer Emporium Ltd., July 26-30 inclusive; Perth, Boans Ltd., August 2-6 inclusive; Hobart, Myer Ltd., August 9-13 inclusive; Geelong, Myer Ltd., August 16 and 17; Ballarat, Myer Ltd., August 18 and 19.

In New Zealand at D.I.C., Wellington, August 23-27 inclusive; D.I.C., Christchurch, August 30-September 3 inclusive; Milne and Choyce, Auckland, September 6-10 inclusive.

Miss Maginn will also give a series of five lectures on television in every State. Details will be published later.

Many pupils

A career woman who has never had the time to get married, Bridget Maginn guides her vast legions of students from a modest, tastefully furnished garden apartment in Alexandria, Virginia, on the shores of the Potomac, just across from the national capital.

She is living testimony to how much can be learnt about fashion, style, and dressmaking in a few years of intelligent study.

Daughter of a British civil servant frequently on the move, her childhood was a "nightmare succession" of girls' schools, to each of which she wore the standard drab school uniform.

"I used to believe in all the arguments for school uniforms," Bridget said. "But, leaving the devil aside, I now think the Americans have the right idea, letting girls understand they are girls from childhood.

"The girls I went to school with in Britain grew up with no taste in dress. In the U.S., the girls start at five. I have an American niece who is that age. She can go into her wardrobe and quite intelligently decide what to wear."

Bridget has been "stitching it" increasingly with teenagers in recent years. While her adult classes occupy her through nine months of the year, during the summer she takes on special classes of teenage girls.

"I haven't had a delinquent girl yet," Bridget says, "although I don't know whether I am quite ready to equate sewing with virtue. I'm sure it helps, though."

Bridget went into sewing late. "I had to sew because I couldn't buy clothes to fit me," she explains. "I'm short-waisted and long-legged.

"I suppose about half my students join my classes for the same reason. But there are important aesthetic reasons, too, as they soon discover."

To the male eye Bridget Maginn, on an ordinary business day, looked as if she had just stepped out of Dior's showroom, rather than out of her own sewing-room, where she had, the night before, completed a wine-colored fitted wool suit.

"I can, on demand, run up an entire garment in two hours—in fact, that is exactly what I will do in my Australian lectures, and conduct a monologue at the same time," Bridget promised.

U.S. courses

Her more leisurely pace in America, however, is to conduct ten-week classes at department stores. During the course, students learn to make slipover blouses, including how to prepare the fabric, cut it, make it, and sew it.

They tackle a tailored wool skirt and a blouse with set-in sleeve. (Her method, quite revolutionary, essays to make the set-in without using a single pin.)

A second ten-week course teaches students to style a custom-made day dress to their figure, first making it up in muslin. The third ten-week session guides advanced students through tailored coats and suits, work with heavy fabrics, bound buttonholes, the art of lining, interfacings, and other fine points.

"My mission is to prove that sewing needn't be laborious," she said.

"In the old days you had to baste everything. It's not necessary now.

"My students, if they are reasonably bright and eager, all learn to sew with the speed of the trade. As a result, their garments acquire the look of a trade finish and not the overworked look of some home-made garments."

Bridget began her career in Britain as a dietitian, but decided when she arrived in America in 1951 that sewing would be a more creative outlet.

Her arrival coincided with the great resurgence of the do-it-yourself trend. Men began doing their own carpentry in the cellar.

"Wives felt impelled to join in, but one cabinet-maker per family seemed enough," Bridget recalls. "Then, one fine Christmas morning, the housewife opened her presents and discovered, lo and behold, a brand-new sewing machine.

"Nice, but what to do with it? It sat there for months, like a blight on her life. Then came the magic moment when she enrolled for sewing lessons.

"I got everything from the wives of ambassadors and five-star generals to shop-girls trying to stretch their pay. And I've seen them change right under my eyes in the classroom.

"Like most domestic pursuits, sewing takes great intelligence and persistence. Vision and imagination are involved in choosing fabrics, in selecting patterns to fulfil your dream of yourself. Then technically you become an expert seamstress.

"When your garment is finished, whether it took you two days or two months to make, you feel the satisfaction of all true creative artists. You've made something unique in the world, and you haven't compromised."

Family link

While in Australia, Bridget intends to wait for a foggy night and go prowling round the Melbourne waterfront. It seems her family owns some warehouses there, which have provided a steady income since she was a child.

"At least I can drop in on the warehouses and say thanks, or take their picture, or something," she said.

In addition, her grandmother was Australian, name of Jesson. And her brother, who used to fly RAF cargo to Australia during the war, has never stopped raving about the place.

"It's about time I looked in," Bridget said, looking as if she could hardly wait.

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KENNEDY CLAN'S VISIT

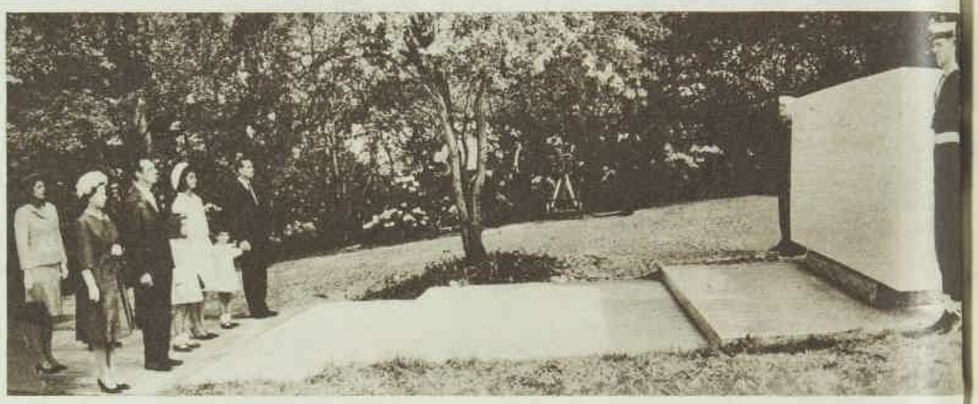
PLAYING with one of the Radziwill family dogs was part of the fun in St. James's Park, London, on the day before the ceremony at Runnymede. In the picture are Princess Lee, her daughter Tina, and Caroline Kennedy.

● **Members of the Kennedy clan gathered in England recently to hear the Queen dedicate a small corner of historic Runnymede to the memory of the assassinated President of the United States. Foremost were his widow, Jacqueline, and children, Caroline and John, his brothers, Senators Robert and Edward Kennedy, and sister, Mrs. Peter Lawford.**

In London on the previous day, Jacqueline had joined up with her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, and the children of the two families spent a happy morning playing in St. James's Park and watching the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace.

With the Kennedys and the Queen at Runnymede — the place where the barons of England forced King John to sign the Magna Charta seven and a half centuries ago—were the present Prime Minister of Britain and two former Prime Ministers.

Ex-Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was, for a time, a connection of the Kennedy clan by marriage. John F. Kennedy's sister Kathleen (now dead) married a son of the Duke of Devonshire, and thus became a niece by marriage of Lady Dorothy Macmillan.



AT RUNNYMEDE, paying their respects at the John F. Kennedy memorial, are (from left) his sister Mrs. Peter Lawford, the Queen, Lord Harlech (ex-Ambassador to Washington, chairman of the memorial trustees), Mrs. Kennedy with her children, and Prince Philip. The memorial fund, totalling £A1,062,000 in Government and public donations, will be used to send ten young Britons a year to study in the United States.

ABOVE: Robert Kennedy brought a loaf of bread to the park, and he and Anthony Radziwill (farther from camera) fed ducks and pigeons. BELOW: Photographers hovered around the always spontaneous Caroline.

AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE the two families were looking through the railings, like everyone else, when a "Bobby" spotted them and a message was sent to the Master of the Royal Household. He invited them into the palace, where the children had soft drinks. Then the families came out to see the ceremony of the Changing of the Guard.

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ABOVE: Former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan speaks at the dedication of the John F. Kennedy memorial in a glade at Runnymede close to the spot where Englishmen won their civil rights bill, the Magna Charta. Senator Robert Kennedy is behind the late President's widow. Seated at right, next to Prince Philip, is the American Ambassador to London, Mr. David Bruce. The present Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson, his immediate predecessor, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, and the American Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Rusk, were also there.

AT RIGHT: The Queen and the Kennedys, including Senators Robert and Edward, arrive at Runnymede. The memorial is set in a three-acre stretch of parkland which Britain has given to the American people for ever.

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: Western Mining Corp. Ltd.

By MARY BROKER

● In the two previous articles on Western Australian companies I have mentioned the Alcoa aluminium complex. I discuss here the largest Australian partner in this project, Western Mining Corporation Limited.

THE beginnings of this huge undertaking were in 1957, when Western Mining commenced prospecting bauxite deposits in the Darling Ranges, near Perth. (Bauxite, of course, is the ore from which alumina, and thence aluminium is derived.)

In 1958, North Broken Hill Limited and Broken Hill South Limited joined Western Mining in these activities, and in June, 1961, Alcoa of Australia Pty. Limited was formed.

The main interest in this company is held by the giant Aluminium Company of America, which has a 51 percent equity, while Western Mining, North Broken Hill, and Broken Hill South hold 20 percent, 12 percent, and 16.6 percent respectively. The remaining 0.4 percent is held by an American trust company.

Development of the complex has been rapid. Mining of the huge bauxite reserves began in July, 1963, and production began in November at the Kwinana alumina refinery. Annual production capacity of this plant, by the way, is 210,000 tons.

The first shipment was made to the 40,000-ton smelter and fabricating works at Point Henry, Victoria, in February, 1964.

Shipments of Kwinana alumina began during 1963/64 under a long-term contract with Mitsubishi Chemicals Industries of Japan, to whom Alcoa has arranged to sell up to 120,000 tons of alumina a year.

Exports of aluminium metal from Point Henry have already been made to Asia and Europe.

But in addition to export, Western Mining has been active in marketing on the local front, where the potential is extremely exciting.

Australia has one of the lowest consumption rates per capita of aluminium among the industrialised countries, and, with new uses being constantly developed for this metal, Alcoa should in the future provide a big contribution to Western Mining's profits.

Another development project in which Western Mining has a big interest is iron ore. In mid 1961, exploration was begun in the Tallering Range and Koolanooka Hills areas around Geraldton, and in the Yilgarn area north-east of Perth.

Main efforts so far have been directed toward the former, where the company was joined in September, 1962, by the Hanna Mining Company and the Homestake Mining Company of the United States.

Under the agreement, Western Mining retained a 50 percent interest and agreed to manage the project; the Hanna-Homestake group was to bear the cost of testing the deposits.

A similar agreement has now been entered into concerning the Yilgarn deposits, of which Western Mining retains a 37 percent interest. This in effect means that the Australian company will need no more capital for iron ore explorations for some time.

A contract was signed in December, 1963, for the sale of iron ore from the Geraldton area to steel mills in Japan. This allows for 5.1 million tons of iron ore to be delivered in eight years commencing next April.

Exciting finds

Exciting new discoveries of ore have been made in the Koolanooka Hills area, and these iron projects, like the aluminium enterprise, should be of great future value to Western Mining.

Originally, of course, the company was basically interested in gold, since this has been up till recent times the most important mineral found in Western Australia.

Income from its investments in gold companies indeed still provides the bulk of its income, i.e., a 50 percent interest in Central Norseman Gold Corporation N.L., a 32 percent interest in Gold Mines of Kalgoorlie (Aust.) Limited, and a 14 percent interest in Great Western Consolidated N.L., which has now ceased operations.

Net profit fell slightly last year from £372,000 to £349,000, mainly due to increasing costs of gold production in a market which could have been better, but the steady 20 percent dividend was paid.

However, my chief point of investment interest in this company is not its present income - producing operations, but the aluminium and iron ore projects which have such great potential.

In fact, shareholders have already received some benefit from these activities by way of a 3-5 new issue in 1961, and a 3-10 new issue at 10/- premium made late last year.

These shares are now paid only to 10/-, and you can buy them on the market for around 18/9, with 5/- to pay later this year, but you will receive no dividend before July, 1967. One hundred would cost £95 plus £25, making £120.

The 5/- fully paid shares are, by comparison, selling at around 26/-. One hundred would cost about £132, and your dividend would be £5 per year.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

THE most glamorous night of the annual Sydney Film Festival — the black tie supper party which follows a special film preview — this year will be held on June 3 (the evening before the official opening) in the Refectory at the University of Sydney.

***ENGAGED.** Miss Judith Marshall and Mr. Richard Warburton, who have anounced their engagement. Miss Marshall is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Marshall, of "Edenvale," Tamworth. Her fiance is the son of Mrs. P. A. Warburton, of Roseville, and the late Mr. Warburton.*

***QUEENSLAND VISITOR** Mrs. Cyril Wilkinson (centre) with Mrs. David Dey (left) and Mrs. Richard Hodgkinson, members of the ladies' committee of the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons thirty-eighth annual scientific meeting, who arranged a lunchtime theatre party at the AMP building for wives of visiting delegates.*

More than 500 guests will first see the French film *Lola* in the Union Theatre before going on to the Refectory to the party to be greeted by the president, Dr. Frank Bellingham, and three vice-presidents, Mrs. Edgar Holt, Mr. Dugmore Merry, and Mr. Ian McPherson.

Committee members who, with the president and the vice-presidents, are hosts for the evening, have chosen a red, white, and green decor — red camellia blooms, trails of ivy, and 250 red and white candles which will stand on the supper tables.

Among guests at the reception will be the vice-chancellor, Sir Stephen Roberts, who on the following evening will officially open the Twelfth Film Festival, and Lady Roberts.

★ ★ ★

FASHION honors this week I thought were earned by Mrs. Robert Melville, who arrived at every one of the Australasian College of Surgeons' parties looking as if she'd stepped off the cover of a shiny fashion magazine. Particularly liked the cream chiffon wool evening gown she wore to the oration. The slim, floor-length dress had a cummerbund, heavily embroidered with pearls and crystals, and a back-buttoning matching jacket outlined with the crystals and pearls, which was cut up at the front to show the cummerbund.

★ ★ ★

BELIEVE Mrs. Norman Jones is thrilled with the keepsake Mrs. Dean C. Strother gave her on board the plane just before she and General Strother returned to the United States after the Coral Sea Celebrations. It is a watercolor landscape painted in Mexico by Mrs. Strother, who is a painter of note in the United States.

★ ★ ★

LETTER from the country from Wally and Nancye Farquhar, of "Iona Downs," Gunnedah, tells me they have decided on the names Andrew and Libby for their twin babies. Their first son is called Angus.

★ ★ ★

ALSO busy deciding on a name for their new daughter have been Mr. and Mrs. Howard Prott, who are going to call her Georgina Elizabeth. Mrs. Prott, the former Diana Kaiser, and her husband, who have been living at Hunter's Hill since they moved up from Melbourne, are eagerly awaiting the completion of their ranch-type home at Pymble.

★ ★ ★

I'M told Prince Bertil of Sweden absolutely captivated guests at the reception given in his honor during his 26½-hour stay in Sydney. President of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Sverre Kaaten, said they all had "butterflies" before his arrival, but Prince Bertil quickly put them all at ease. "He moves fast, talks fast, and acts fast," says Kaaten. The Prince was full of his two-hour visit to "Uriarra," the Canberra property of Mr. and Mrs. Doug Hyles. Before he caught the plane to Tahiti and Mexico he visited "Boomerang," the Swedish recreation building, the Swedish Church, and had a spin on the harbor.

★ ★ ★

WITH loads of fireworks in their suitcases, Louise, Victoria, and Robert Christie left Sydney last week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Christie — bound for cracker night in the snow. The Christies are spending a week at the Coach House, Thredbo, before the children have to return to school.

***AT LEFT:** Mr. Roy Kinkade, Miss Nelli Taran, Miss Lesley Langden, and Mr. David Reynolds (left to right) were among guests at the annual Tartan Ball at the Round House at the University of New South Wales, arranged by PLC (Croydon) Old Girls' Union.*

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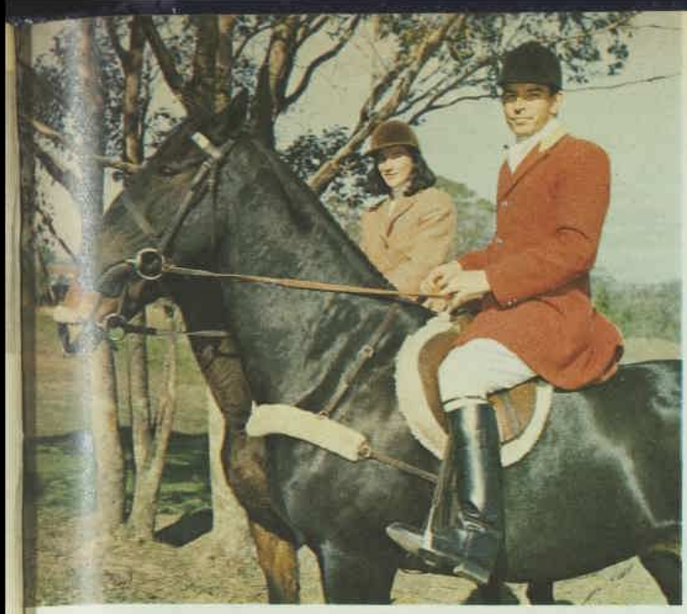
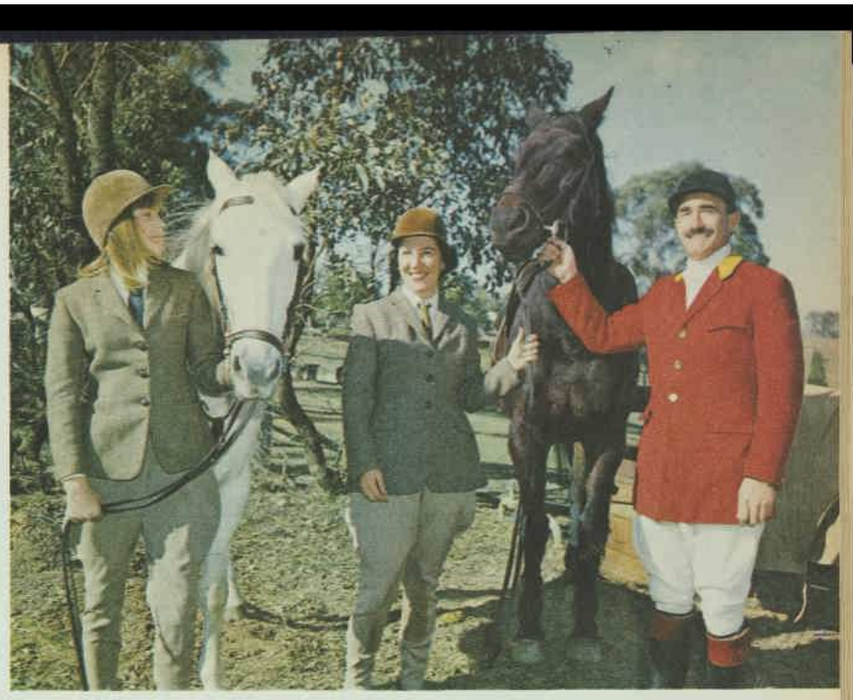


FIELD MASTER Mr. David Campbell, on "Toledo," had a few words with Miss Linda Miles, on "Oven's Stream," before the beginning of the Sydney Hunt Club's first meeting of the season, which met at "Springmead Farm," Ingleburn. There were more than 100 riders.



SYDNEY HUNT CLUB MEETING

ABOVE: President of the Sydney Hunt Club Mr. Roy Walden with "Blazing Sun," Mrs. Walden (centre), and their daughter Lesley with her pony, "Smoky." One fox was sighted, but managed to elude the hounds.

JOINT HOSTESS at the luncheon at "Springmead Farm," Mrs. Rada Penfold Russell, served Mr. Alan Benson from the buffet, which was set up under a canopy beside the swimming-pool. Second hostess was Mrs. Elizabeth Gage Hardy.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Hector King, of "Beltana," Rossmore (right), her son Jaimie, and their house guest Kathy Angus at the luncheon which followed at "Springmead Farm" at the end of the hunt.

AT LEFT: Quiet talk beside the pool for Miss Vivienne Dodd and Mr. Raymond Bermay, a visitor from Paris.

AT RIGHT: Informal gathering before luncheon for (from left) Miss Jacqui Pitman, Mr. John Graham, Miss Jan Endycott, and Mr. Tony Rainsford, who had pre-lunch drinks around the pool.

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STREISAND: A glittering new light in show business

from page 3

● Australian TV viewers will soon see Barbra Streisand in her first big performance for television. It is the one-woman show called *My Name is Barbra*, in which she sings "with such riveting conviction and dynamism that there is no escape from her compelling attraction."

When to see *My Name is Barbra:* Monday, May 31—NWS9, Adelaide, 7.30 p.m.; Wednesday, June 2—GTV9, Melbourne, 7.30 p.m.; Thursday, June 3—TCN9, Sydney; NBN3, Newcastle; WIN4, Wollongong, 8.30 p.m.; QTQ9, Brisbane, 7.30 p.m. And shortly in Hobart, Perth, and country stations.

THE CALM, ASSURED STAR: Success and a happy marriage have smoothed Barbra's rough edges.

She said she would probably eventually make a film of *Funny Girl*.

"In *My Name Is Barbra*," she said, "there was debate whether I should do it by myself. Some people run scared, you know what I mean? They thought I needed help. But I'm doing it alone."

The spectacular was managed by the Goulds' East Side Ellbar Productions office (an amalgam of her name and Elliott's).

I asked how she felt at wresting such publicised concessions from CBS.

"I didn't think of it that way," she said simply. "I was concerned with artistic control only. I wanted to produce my own shows, and now I can and nobody — not sponsors or advertisers or anyone — can interfere."

***KISS of congratulation from husband Elliott Gould after first night of musical,* Funny Girl.**

"Have you a secret desire for *Hamlet*, or something like that?" I asked.

She brightened. "I'd love to play *Hamlet*. I'd also like to play Juliet. What was she really like? You could bring so many facets to it — the fact that she was an only child, a spoiled brat . . . It's good that Romeo and Juliet died — otherwise nothing."

A new copy of Gray's *Anatomy of the Human Body* and *How to Be a Jewish Mother* were huddled together in the bookshelves being built in the den. Did she read a lot? "I go through different periods and then I get fed up." She shrugged. "I'm reading about ten books at once."

Famed as a fur-coat collector, she couldn't think offhand how many she had, but said, "I don't like *total* fur any more. I'm sick of fur coats, now. A cloth coat with sable cuffs would be delicious. But I'm tired of mine. I'm going to cut them all up into cuffs. A few weeks ago I liked fur on fur, but now . . . Hey, that sounds terrible. What would the Russians say about that — decadent?"

I told her I thought extravagance was justified by the vicarious experience it gave to others.

She liked that, and we began to discuss money. "Well, once I got 50 dollars (about £A25) a week allowance, but that was too much. Now I get 25 dollars.

"I use it for cabs and tips, and it's great not to have to think about the important things I buy — charge it, send it, send the bill to my manager — you know.

"As for the big money coming in, every once in a while I decide I want to know everything about it. So there is a meeting — and people come in and show me the figures. It's fun, but then I go through phases when I don't want to know anything about it.

"My real interests now are studying Italian and learning to play the piano. I called Lenny Bernstein up, and he recommended this teacher for me.

"She gives me very hard stuff to do, but it appeals to me because I love maths, and music is like a mathematical problem. My teacher thinks I'm a genius."

It wasn't hard to believe that Barbra was good on the grand piano in the den. The room more nearly expresses her past personality with its cluttered boxes, a brass hat tree covered with plastic-covered hats, a cabinet full of satin and gold shoe buckles, an old stand-up telephone.

A depression-era purple Spanish shawl with black fringe covers the piano, and on top of that is a sepia-toned picture of Barbra, aged seven or eight. There is the beginning of the famous Streisand nose, a faintly smiling mouth, sad little-girl eyes.

Success . . . why?

A few years later, at 12, she gave her first and only amateur performance prior to discovery in 1961—a recording her mother had Barbra make of *You'll Never Know*.

I thought of the photograph on the piano, from that Brooklyn sapling had sprung the mightiest new oak in show business. Why did she happen when and as she did—with success so sudden, all-embracing?

Barbra thought . . ."People were just ready for me. Music was predominantly rock-'n'roll, and there was no other major new artist around. So when I came along and did my esoteric, ethereal songs I think people were struck by my audacity.

"The songs were pretty, too, and they had to like those for themselves. I mean they had quality—like Rembrandt. How could anyone not like them?

"And then I think maybe they asked, 'Who is that girl?' You know . . ."

Streisand in performance has been over-described, compared ad nauseam, made to bear incredible examples.

She is simply one in a million who comes on stage with such riveting conviction and dynamism that there is no escape from her compelling attraction.

I asked, does she control her audiences or do they control her?

"We work together. But on my good nights I do control them, and on my bad nights they control me. I think an audience has to be led, and I can make them laugh or not. I test it all the time.

"I know my talent is not a gimmick, but I have to be good now all the time, because once you are established then comes the hard part. You are always on trial and being judged.

"It's funny, because you can't relax. I'm kept away from a lot of what goes on in connection with my so-called success. I just can't stand, sometimes, to even know what my obligations are, they seem so formidable."

We talked of the talent contest Barbra won only short years ago at The Lion, in Greenwich Village.

"A friend, Barry Dennen, told me about it. My unemployment insurance was up, and though I'd never sung anywhere or done anything I decided to try.

"From there the owner, Burke McHugh, took me to the Bon Soir, then I went up to the Blue Angel, and Merrick put me into *I Can Get It For You Wholesale* — well, you know the rest."

Stay-at-home

Barbra and Elliott don't go out much. Their best friends are not in the arts.

"It's very difficult to be around actors—that concentration of ego. They're not interested in too many things. The theatre is only one small part of life," said Barbra.

What did they do for amusement? "We eat and watch television. We have this new color television and are always watching old movies."

Had motion pictures influenced her? "I don't know. I like pretty women and handsome men, so for the movies I was a real believer. I could be depressed for days after seeing something."

We spoke briefly of the Burtons, because Barbra and Richard were both up for the Tony award. When he won he called her up to say, "What a shame, luv, you deserved it."

I told her I wanted to ask her the same question I had once put to him. What is she afraid of?

She cast about. "What did he say? Oh — death — well, that's obvious. I don't know, I'm afraid of everything — closets, wire coathangers, the dark, the unknown.

"Religion? People have a need to believe in something in this kind of world where a bomb can fall and end it.

"I like the Eastern religions because they accept death as part of life — there is something I like about that. So when I have a need for religion I use it. I don't go to church or synagogue. It's just a personal thing with me."

Fashion greats

About Barbra's clothes, I had to agree with fashion writer Eugenia Sheppard, who said, "Barbra is anything but kooky. She's only about as kooky as Gloria Guinness, the Duchess of Windsor, or any of the all-time fashion greats were when they had just turned 22."

Barbra was delighted. She said this was one of her favorites of all the things ever written about her.

I read her some of the delightful things her handsome actor-husband has said about her. "I often think of Barbra as 46, going on eight . . . She reminds me of a beautiful flower . . . She is my woman but everyone wants her . . . I found her absolutely exquisite. I had this desire to make her feel secure."

Could Barbra possibly describe him as well as he has described her?

"No," she said, but then indicating that she would try she turned almost shy. Finally she said:

"To me he is a mixture of Bogart, the Michelangelo statue of David, and—Jean-Paul Belmondo."

"Does he take good care of you?" I asked, caught up in the spell—realising, after all, that this was a young 22-year-old wife, very much in love with a tall, good-looking husband, living in her first taste of real security both professionally and privately.

"Yeah," she said softly. "Yeah, he sure does."

MADHATTER costume inspired by Tenniel's "Alice in Wonderland" illustrations.

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Julia opened all those theatre doors

By BERENICE CRAIG

● Writer Burton Graham had been knocking unheeded on stage doors for years until a lively young woman called Julia provided a key.

PRIOR to Julie — the heroine of his highly successful comedy, *Breakfast With Julia*, Mr. Graham had several published novels to his credit, but although he had been writing plays since he was a boy, he had become resigned to the hard fact that he just didn't know how to sell one.

Two and a half years ago Julia changed all that. Theatre doors all over the world are still swinging wide for her.

Breakfast With Julia had its premiere in Melbourne and was given an extended season at St. Martin's Theatre in November, 1963.

This year it was produced by the Phillip Street Theatre in Sydney, and is to open in Adelaide on June 22. It will play in London's West End before the end of this year.

"These Cats"

Stage options have been sold in 11 countries of Europe; Germany has also bought TV rights.

Now *These Cats Are Dangerous*, another play by Burton Graham, looks like following in the globe-trotting *Julia's* footsteps.

British comedy actress Miriam Karlin has bought an option on *These Cats* for herself. It is also being translated for offer to European countries along *Julia's* route.

At first Miriam Karlin intended to stage this play in Australia at the end of her recent Sydney and Melbourne seasons.

But she had to return for English stage commitments earlier than she expected, so hopes Lionel Harris will produce it for her in London later in the year.

Because of this, Australia will have to wait to see the play until after its English premiere.

Actually, *These Cats* was the first Burton Graham play to be under offer to an interested purchaser, although *Julia* beat it into production.

"The turning-point in my career as a playwright came two and a half years ago," said this big, quietly spoken man.

"I met Peter Randall, of St. Martin's Theatre, when we were on a panel judging TV commercials for an annual award and, ever hopeful, I gave him *These Cats* to read.

"Both he and his father, the late Brett Randall, were very enamored of the play but they had their doubts about staging it, because they didn't have the right actress available.

"You see, there are only three characters, all female. They are never on stage at the one time, so one woman with three wigs could do them all."

The play is a mystery thriller. One of the women is the elegant, worldly mistress of a Cabinet Minister; the second is a really tough little customer who wants to blackmail him.

These are the two really dangerous "cats." The third is a Lancashire maid.

("Although this story may sound vaguely familiar, it was written well before the Profumo scandal broke in England," the author said.)

Realising that the play could present casting difficulties, Mr. Graham was content to leave it in Peter Randall's hands.

"But all this had given me back my enthusiasm for plays generally, so I pulled out the old *Julia*, which I'd already rewritten a couple of times, and wrote it all over again. Then I sent it off to Peter Randall, too.

"Soon he rang to say St. Martin's was going to stage it locally.

"You can imagine my excitement when those incredibly good reviews came out after the opening night."

Now Mr. Graham is at work on another play, this time about a young American Peace Corps worker who wins first prize in Tattersalls.

BURTON GRAHAM at work on a script in the small office in his East Melbourne flat.

He is determined to produce "at least two more successes like *Julia*, now I've broken through."

Writing has to be mainly a weekend chore, for he runs his own sales-promotion business in Melbourne.

He wrote his first plays years ago in his hometown of Northam, W.A., and submitted them to his mother, who was producer for the local repertory society and always looking for plays.

"She died just two months after *Julia* opened. I was so glad she was able to hear the wonderful news," said Mr. Graham.

He was in the RAAF during the war, and later wrote several books, including *None Shall Survive* (the story of the battle of the Bismark Sea) and *A Nation Grew Wings* (about the Beaufort planes).

Mr. Graham also won the war section of an *Australian Women's Weekly* competition with a short story called *Night Flight*.

"I left the RAAF to begin my own business in Melbourne, and my real return to play writing began at the same time," he said.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Don't you love flowers? To me, one of the nicest gifts you can give is a bouquet of flowers. And if you want to forget your troubles just get down on your knees and work in your garden for a while—isn't it amazing how you seem to forget everything? Even if you live in a flat you can at least have a couple of pot plants to watch and tend."

Momma's moral: And isn't it amazing how small children are fascinated by flowers. They can't wait to see them come up, roots and all.

MRS. GYORGY PAUK, wife of the brilliant young violinist now touring Australia for the ABC, and their small son, Thomas, who is at present being cared for by grandparents in Holland.

Loneliness of the long-distance violinist

By JEAN BRUCE

● To good-looking Hungarian-born Gyorgy Pauk, his fame as one of the world's youngest virtuosi has meant a great deal of loneliness.

BUT his charming wife, Susan, is with him on his present Australian tour for the ABC, and Gyorgy Pauk said, "Now it is different."

"You have no idea," he explained, "how really terrible it can be to tour alone — to be alone in a new city for the first time. Once rehearsals are over there's nothing to do.

"In other countries there are no organisations like the ABC to look after you. Agents don't bother about what you do in the daytime."

Gyorgy Pauk is 28, and Susan, a Hungarian, is in her twenties, too. They married four years ago and live in Holland.

In their Brisbane hotel Gyorgy, in a smiling reference to his lovely wife, said, "Two months away! I would have already *run* home.

"Now, after a concert, we can talk. Before, if the concert is bad, I am so angry I cannot sleep. If it is good I am so keyed up I can't sleep. Now, we eat, we talk, we laugh — I am happy."

Mrs. Pauk said, "I like to arrive in new places, to look around, and I find it interesting to hear new orchestras and hear the same piece played by my husband with different orchestras."

Her one regret is having to leave their small son, Thomas, aged three, who remains at home in Amsterdam with his grandparents.

VIOLINIST Gyorgy Pauk, who at 28 has already won world acclaim.

A little comic

The Pauks carry with them a store of photographs of their darling in every possible pose.

"He is a comic, a new Charlie Chaplin," his fond father declared. "His gift for clowning is absolutely remarkable."

Gyorgy Pauk opened his Australian tour in Brisbane, where he was soloist with the Queensland Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Bernard Heinze.

Asked about "concert nerves," he was rather surprised. "I can think of nothing but the music," he said. "When the orchestra begins, I forget everything else."

He will tour all States, giving 51 concerts in sixteen and a half weeks, the last on August 24.

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THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT **WOOLWORTHS**

VARIETY STORES AND SUPERMARKETS

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A change has come over Grandpa McCoy

● The old timers took over at TCN9 recently, with Walter Brennan starring in his own show, *The Tycoon*, and George Burns returning to TV in *Wendy and Me*.

By NAN MUSGROVE

WALTER BRENNAN is Hollywood's oldest TV actor. He is also one of the best, with no less than three gold movie Oscars on his mantelpiece.

The Real McCoys was the series that introduced him to TV. He played Gramps, a mean, cantankerous, and opinionated character who turned lovable when it suited him.

I couldn't abide him.

Brennan is a grandfather again in *The Tycoon*. He is also the chairman of the board of a motor company called Thunder Corporation.

He is more chairman than grandfather and is lovable all the time. He is also shrewd, knowledgeable, and a character to be reckoned with. *The Tycoon* tells the story of his business dealings.

1965's Brennan is a very well-tailored chairman, upstanding and quick on his feet, without a sign of the limp that thumped through *The Real McCoys*.

I always thought his limp was a real disability, caused by the twinges that generally go with 72 years.

I should have had more sense, thinking back on athletic Dennis Weaver's famous *Gunsmoke* limp as Chester, Marshal Dillon's sidekick.

Brennan's support is notable. There is Van Williams, fresh from Honolulu and *Hawaiian Eye* and *Surfside Six*, who plays his personal assistant, and for old moviegoers there is Jerome Cowan.

Cowan is said to have played in more than 130

Television

major movies, and I'm sure his face will bring back nostalgic memories of many sophisticated and dissolute playboy roles and second-lead heroes who never got the girl.

I gather that Cowan in

JEROME COWAN . . . a David Niven type.

movies was the David Niven before David Niven.

I've seen *The Tycoon* three times now and find it consistent, pleasant TV.

It is not a world-beating series that you would stay at home at all costs to watch, but it is a good production with interesting characters, quiet humor—and Walter Brennan.

Wendy and Me is another bright half-hour. It has one big hurdle to overcome—the original *Burns and Allen Show* and the ghost of Gracie Allen in the wings.

I'm sure Gracie applauds the whole show wildly, for what George Burns has done is to try to reincarnate her in Connie Stevens.

Connie speaks lines that are pure Gracie, but so far she hasn't developed the Gracie touch. I don't imagine George Burns would ever find a real replacement for Gracie, but Connie goes close.

She has something of that unabashable poise and beaming good humor that Gracie had. And she has shed her *Hawaiian Eye* Cricket personality as completely as Walter Brennan has shed his McCoy limp.

The story of *Wendy and Me* is simple, but told in the most complicated way.

Connie, as Wendy, is married to an airline pilot, Jeff Conway (Ron Harper).

Wendy and Me is the doings of Connie, who, with her husband, lives in an apartment building owned by the resident landlord, George Burns.

Connie is always in mad situations, indulging in her cockeyed logic, making demands for all kinds of service from the caretaker, Mr. Bundy (J. Pat O'Malley).

The complications come from the story being told from three different angles. There is Connie's angle, Mr. Bundy's angle, and George's angle delivered in a monologue as he chews his way through a cigar.

I find George Burns' quaint devices to get into the act with a straight or an aside monologue a bit trying at times. But George is funny. That is the big bonus.

George Burns not only stars in but also produces *Wendy and Me*. Such a polished showman should soon smooth out the complications of the show.

FROM THIS . . . . TO THIS

VETERAN actor Walter Brennan has shed his grumpy, limping McCoy role to become an amiable business tycoon.

ERIC SYKES and his TV sister, Hattie Jacques, are two of my favorite people on TV. It is sad to think their current season is finished.

One scene from this series really rocked me.

Eric and Hattie, who have won seats to a royal command theatre performance, are ready to leave.

Eric, looking distinguished in a suit he has borrowed from a conjuror friend, is incommoded by a sneeze and reaches into his inside pocket for a hanky.

He is just about to blow his nose when out of the hanky, dead on cue, flutters a beautiful but bewildered white dove. It was one of the funniest moments I've seen on TV.

Children call the tune

WATCHING other people's TV reinforces my belief that it is the child viewer from, say, ten to 16 that calls not only the program tune but the family-buying tune, too.

A nine-year-old chided me for offering her a toasted-cheese sandwich as a Sunday breakfast treat.

"I've had cereal and milk," she said. "A cheese sandwich now would mean a badly balanced meal. It is more milk. It takes eight pints to make a packet of cheese."

I watched with the same child an advertisement for instant coffee (the one that gives you a cup and a half of flavor in one cup).

On screen, the coffee is poured and the extra half cup of fluid sits on the rim of the cup without a drop spilling.

"I know how they do that," she said.

"They use the invisible shield that stops tooth decay to stop the coffee spilling, or else magic."

It is magic all right, a cunning magic that implants these ideas.

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For a day and night quiet Hill End captures a taste of the roaring days of long ago GOLD

FOR most of the year the main street of Hill End, N.S.W., is quiet enough to allow a flock of geese to graze peacefully by the roadside.

There is some activity around the general store and post office, run by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Goodwin, and locals call into the Royal Hotel opposite for a beer and a yarn. In the museum and tea-rooms you may find a few holiday-makers.

Eight thousand people lived in the rich mining town in its hey-day in the 1870s, but now there is a scattered hill-top community of only 300. There is little use for the fire engine or work for the policeman.

But each year at Easter the clock is turned back at Hill End.

Overnight a small white tent town springs up on the camping ground. The main street buzzes with activity. The creek bed is lined with eager gold-seekers, and at night there are campfires, and the singing and dancing can be heard far away.

Easter Saturday is the big day for the people of Hill End and for the hundreds of visitors who gather in the township, bringing a breath of the life as it must have been on the old diggings nearly a century ago.

The main attraction is the Colonial Sports Festival.

The local residents are proud of their town's romantic past, and revive some of the spirit of the gold-rush days by staging sports such as muzzle-loading rifle shoots, pit-sawing, blade sheep-shearing, and horse-riding events.

However, gold is still the main theme of the day.

"We added a sprinkling of gold-dust"

Prizes, lucky dips, and trophies include many small bottles which contain the fascinating yellow dust. One of the most popular features of the program is always the gold-panning demonstrations.

"Reminds me of my kids making mud pies," said one onlooker last Easter, watching as an amateur fossicker learnt the old art.

The days of stumbling on potato-sized nuggets and making fortunes overnight are long gone. No one depends on mining for a living in Hill End these days, although one or two mines still operate.

Gold fever, though, is very much alive. Sooner or later every tourist makes his way to the creek bed to wash a couple of pans, looking for "the color." A fever-struck panner with luck on his side might gather £5 worth of dust in a ten-day holiday.

Even the locals are not immune to the fever, but there are more coin collectors than fossickers among them, and a 1930 penny rouses more excitement than the sight of gold.

Those who pay 2/- for the pleasure of gold-panning on Sports Day are almost certain to be rewarded with a few fine specks at the bottom of the dish.

Mr. Goodwin explained, "This is gold-bearing dirt. There's still gold here if you know where to look. And to make it more exciting for Sports Day we added a sprinkling of dust."

Among the thousand-odd visitors who gathered at the oval this year were a great many with more than a passing interest in Hill End.

"Most of the people who were born on the field are scattered far and wide, but there is still an unbreakable link which binds them to its gaunt, scarred hillsides and gorges," says the town's historian, Mr. Harry Hodge, in his book *The Hill End Story*.

Now a schoolmaster at Raymond Terrace near Newcastle, Mr. Hodge left the town as a young boy, but he still spends many of his weekends and holidays there.

He has been collecting material for the books — there will be three volumes when complete — for 25 years.

The Hill End Citizens' Association profit to the extent of a couple of hundred pounds each Easter Festival.

The cause for which the association is working hardest is to have Hill End declared a Historical National Park.

If the Government agrees and the finance becomes available, Hill End will gradually revert to the town as it was in the 1870s.

From photographs, the central part of the township could be restored with about 50 buildings, from Smith's Creapjack, the smallest store in town, to McDowall's Millinery Emporium.

Then the town would attract tourists all the year round; but these days the Easter crowds disperse quickly and only a few keen campers return to the picturesque spot in the hard winters.

To the visitor bumping over the 50 miles of gravel road back to Bathurst, Hill End looks like any other hill in the range, but no one leaves without the knowledge that "thar's gold" in this one.

— MILDRED EDEN

***BEARDED CLUB-MATES** Douglas Thompson, of Griffith (left), and Peter Eyles, of Mortdale, spent Easter at Hill End with the Sydney Colonial Muzzle-loading Rifle Club, and between shoots tried their hand at gold-panning.*

***ABOVE:** Neville Downey, of "Bidgee," a nearby grazing property, appeared dressed as hard-case old-time prospector.*

***LEFT:** In colonial dress, Mr. and Mrs. John Kell (left), Mr. and Mrs. Albert Maris, and Mrs. Margaret Maris with daughter Donna. The men belong to Sydney Colonial Muzzle-loading Rifle Club.*

***BELOW:** Mud hut fascinated Lynette Pierce, of St. Marys (left), Steve Morris, Sydney, Lesley Davidson, of Kingswood.*

***PIT-SAWING** demonstration was a highlight. While lower man worked in a cloud of sawdust, hardest work fell to the man on top, who had to pull saw upwards.*

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FEVER

MAIN STREET of Hill End, pictured from the balcony of the 100-year-old Royal Hotel. A building boom in 1871-2 was responsible for many of the remaining buildings. The house in the foreground used to be a general store, built in 1872. St. Paul's Church is seen in the distance.

AT RIGHT: Shoo-ing the geese, which belong collectively to the Hill End townspeople, absorbed five-year-old Miriam Galland, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Galland, spent Easter in the district. The building in the background houses Hill End's museum of gold-rush relics. These include a replica of the famous Beyers-Holtermann nugget, which stood 4ft. high and weighed over 630lb. Present value would be in the vicinity of £50,000.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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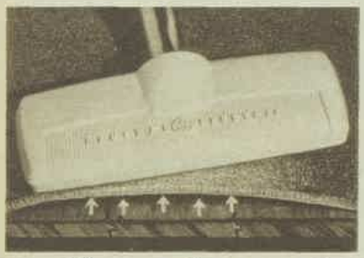

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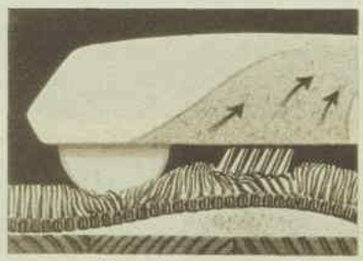

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Danny's new co-star

• Victoria Meyerink has a TV contract to appear on the *Danny Kaye Show* this season. Next season she will go to school — she will be five years old.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD TV star Victoria Meyerink stole the Danny Kaye Show *when she first appeared, and won a season's contract with Danny.*

DANNY KAYE has a way with children. With Victoria perched on his knee, they talked about Christmas. Viewers demanded to see more of the tot.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Victoria has already made a pilot program with Shirley Temple for a television series, appeared in a movie, and made TV commercials.

She has the bank account and the personality of a prima donna (sometimes she refuses to go on-camera) and is the creation of her mother, Mrs. Jeanne Meyerink.

Mrs. Meyerink is an ambitious actress herself, but she never had Hollywood producers beating a path to her door. Now she envisions them knocking at her door in droves—for Victoria.

To launch Victoria's career Mrs. Meyerink spent 600 dollars (£A300) on full-page advertisements in Hollywood trade papers. When Victoria broke out in a rash, Mrs. Meyerink called the columnists to spread the news.

Victoria was first hired for the *Danny Kaye Show* to sit on Danny's knee and talk about Christmas. Danny Kaye has always had a way with children, and rapport between the comedian and the wide-eyed little four-year-old was instantaneous.

"She has a marvellous quality," said Danny. "Both childlike and aware."

Viewers called her the most appealing little girl they'd ever seen and poured hundreds of letters and phone calls into the CBS television network demanding more of Victoria.

Her encore performance on the *Danny Kaye Show* was even better than the first, and she was engaged for the entire season.

Mrs. Meyerink is always at Victoria's side. "I know how to work with her," she says, "and bring out the best in her. And I don't really trust her to anybody else. You see, we are so close she can never get hurt with me.

"My ultimate goal and ideal would be to package a television series for the two of us together."

Mrs. Meyerink used to run a daytime show on a local Californian station.

"I don't care about my child's professional life," she says. "I only care about her personal life."

Victoria started her professional life at two and a half years—as a model. She works hard at her ballet lessons and is a trim 30lb.

As a model she makes any kind of children's clothes look good. As an actress she's making a good show better, in the judgment of TV audiences.

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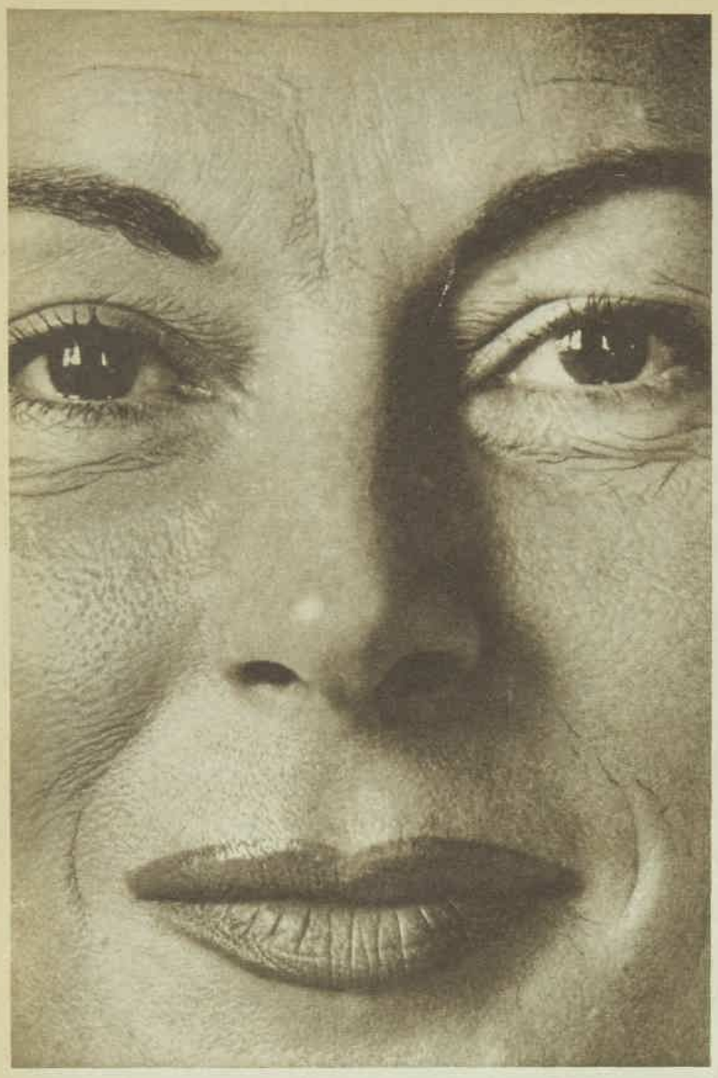

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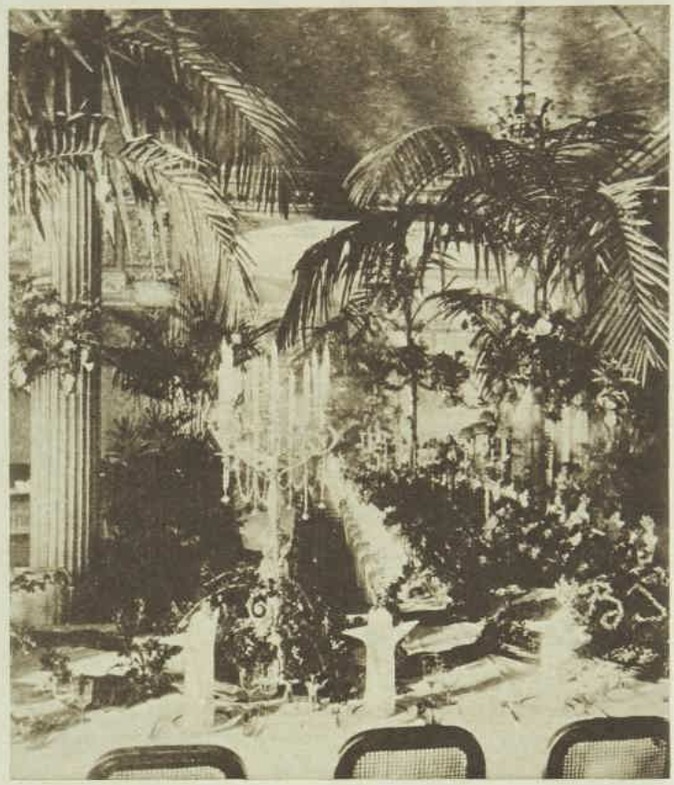
Continuing . . .

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel



***ELABORATE** decorations and the finest crystal and silver in Europe adorn the tables for a banquet at the Savoy Hotel.*

By STANLEY JACKSON

● ***From the founding of the Savoy by Richard D'Oyly Carte in 1889, it has always been one step ahead in anticipating the international set's new whims. In the second instalment of his book,* The Savoy, *Stanley Jackson tells how the hotel makes history with* Dance Music from the Savoy . . .**

THROUGHOUT the 'twenties, it was rare to see fewer than seven or eight hundred people, in full evening dress, dining and dancing every night at the Savoy.

The American thread in the history of the Savoy Hotel also runs through its ballroom.

After World War I, people were more eager than ever to kick up their heels. There was wild enthusiasm for American musical comedies, and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band made a sensation when they played at the Savoy's Victory Ball to celebrate the signing of the Versailles Treaty.

More and more visitors crossed the Atlantic with stories of the lavish George White and Ziegfeld shows; others rhapsodised over Paul Whiteman's Band.

***GERTRUDE LAWRENCE**, who helped George Gershwin shop for suits and ties.*

Bert Ralton and his Havana Band, invited from California, were an immediate success. Almost every star from the musical comedy stage would come on from the theatre to dance to Ralton's saxophone and Billy Mayerl's tinkling piano.

Dancing at the hotel became so popular that company chairman, Mr. George Reeves-Smith agreed to enlist another band, which was to become world famous as the Savoy Orpheans. They were headed by "Bill" Debroy Somers, first of the personality band-leaders who topped music-hall bills wherever they performed.

Today it is difficult to visualise the extraordinary personal following enjoyed by men like Debroy Somers, Carroll Gibbons, Jack Hylton, and Ambrose. They were paid vast salaries, their records sold in hundreds of thousands, and few film or stage stars had more admirers.

At the hotel, a little to the surprise of the management, guests followed some of the band-leaders with the devotion usually accorded to favorite head waiters. The

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Glittering days between world's two great wars

musicians had their own sitting-room, a masseur, and a valet, but even more of an attraction to them was the Savoy's prestige, which often became a passport to richer billets.

Reminded by Reeves-Smith that entertainment had to be as worthy of the hotel's tradition as its cuisine and service, Somers for six months drilled his band with almost military discipline before allowing them to play in public.

The Orpheans, 12 in number, earned Arnold Bennett's rather grudging tribute, "They play bad music well."

Among the many guests who danced to their music were a future King and Queen of England, then the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, who were married soon after the Orpheans came to the hotel. They loved Scottish reels and old-time polkas.

The gay young Prince of Wales also enjoyed their music and was among the first to wear midnight-blue evening dress and a white waistcoat under his dinner jacket. His brother, Prince George, the Duke of Kent, was easily the most graceful of the royal dancers, and he and the lovely Greek Princess Marina, who became his wife, always made a strikingly handsome couple on the floor.

The two Savoy bands were the first to broadcast regularly from any hotel. It began in October, 1923, and *Dance Music from the Savoy Hotel in London* quickly pulled up rugs all over the world. Millions tickled their crystal sets six nights a week to listen to the Orpheans and the Havana Band. Their music was relayed to places like Cowes, where couples danced by moonlight on their yachts, and ham operators picked up the syncopated beat as far away as Long Island.

Marconi reported that a French force in North Africa, while besieged by the Riffs, had tuned in to the Savoy and those not on duty danced together to kill the *cafard*. Soon afterwards, half an hour's truce was called every night so that both armies could enjoy the dance music in peace.

WAITERS at the ready for orders — part of the hotel's split-second timing and liaison between kitchen and table.

MARLENE DIETRICH and Noel Coward, two of the stars who glittered at the Savoy.

Wrote concerto

Other men of distinction also honored the hotel bands. When conductor Leopold Stokowski, always a keen dancer, was entertained in the Pinafore Room by the Young Poets of England, he abstained from a highbrow speech and paid tribute to the pleasure given him by the Orpheans. William Walton went one better and wrote a concerto specially for them.

The single microphone which dangled precariously over the platform was primitive by modern technical standards, but there was nothing amateurish about the orchestras which regularly delighted more than two million listeners until midnight. Ten grand pianos were in use, each played for only two hours daily and meticulously tuned every morning.

Among the highlights of those early days in the Savoy ballroom was the visit of George Gershwin, a composer with one foot in Tin Pan Alley and the other in Carnegie Hall. He was mobbed every time he walked into the Savoy, with the orchestra standing to play *Swanee* in his honor.

One night the specially augmented Orpheans, inspiringly led by Debroy Somers and with the composer playing the solo at the piano, gave London its first hearing of *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Tall and bronzed, but a secret hypochondriac who devoured pills at all hours and demanded patent foods of every kind at breakfast, Gershwin was the lion of Mayfair Society. He was sponsored by his close friend and admirer Prince George, and taken everywhere by the Mountbattens.

On shopping sprees to Savile Row and Bond Street, he was usually accompanied by Gertrude Lawrence who offered guidance on his suits and ties.

Over-stimulated perhaps by his popularity, Somers decided to leave the hotel and tour with his own band, but never again enjoyed the same success. In the end he found himself in serious difficulties, partly due to his openhandedness. He died from a stroke, leaving only £170.

Successor to Debroy Somers at the Savoy was Carroll Gibbons, whose famous white piano was to dominate the hotel ballroom for nearly 30 years.

He studied music at the Boston Conservatoire and toured the United States as a concert pianist before he was 16.

His familiar warm greeting, "Hallo, everybuddy," delivered in a husky New England drawl, became almost a signature tune for dancers.

Against a backcloth of tailcoats and gardenias, and with Lanvin and Lelong sending hemlines and waistlines dizzily up and down, the turkey trot yielded to the fox trot, and before long the Eton crops and cummerbunds were jigging to the livelier charleston and black bottom.

However, nobody at the hotel regretted the end of the vogue for flapper frocks, each of which shed an average of 20 beads during an evening. The dance floor had to be ironed smooth every morning after the splintered glass was cleared.

Geraldo came to the Savoy in 1930 as a companion band to the more sedate but very popular Orpheans. During the 'twenties there had already been various flirtations with tango music, which the Prince of Wales liked. At one time the dance became such a rage that tango teas started at the hotel, and some hostesses in search of novelty even gave tango breakfasts, with sleek-haired professionals gliding between the kidneys and savory omelets for 100-guinea fees.

A special orchestra came over from Deauville, and a handsome young dancer, M. Max, was engaged at an enormous fee to demonstrate intricate steps like the scissor, long and short. He used to ride in Rotten Row and then drive his Rolls-Royce back to the Savoy, where his luggage included 120 pairs of shoes.

Although popular, nobody had eyes for him when another young man took the floor. This was the film idol Rudolph Valentino, whose sinuous grace and almost perfect profile caused equal havoc among matrons and their daughters.

120 pairs of shoes

In his case, however, silence was indeed golden, since his voice proved unpleasantly reedy and emasculate. Instead of hissing languorous sweet-nothings, he would talk endlessly about his collection of swords, guns, and 17th-century plaques, of which he was fanatically proud.

The Savoy now pioneered a new type of entertainment on a scale never before seen in Europe. To a man of Reeves-Smith's fastidious taste, revue acts between courses seemed almost a blasphemy, but he had swiftly appreciated the appeal of cabaret. As always, he showed a remarkable anticipation of public taste.

Without hesitation he authorised the finding of the most gifted acts in the world at whatever the cost. The first to be engaged were the Two Black Crows.

At *the dansants* Victor Silvester and partner demonstrated the newest dance steps to Carroll Gibbons's music, with Christopher Stone as compere.

At this time, on the eve of the 'thirties, other and more pressing problems had to be faced. On the surface all seemed well. A sense of euphoria lingered over the hotel like a chic and discreet perfume. The restless party-giving, party-taking Jazz Age was roaring to its close, leaving scarcely a mark on the Savoy's patina of elegance.

The hotel's balance-sheet was satisfactory. Shareholders, unaware of the depression soon to come, seemed at peace with a dividend which had climbed steadily.

Reeves-Smith had no difficulty persuading his fellow-directors that profits would be maintained only if the Savoy kept ahead and made itself as self-supporting as possible.

That policy has been confirmed and reinforced through the years. With a luxury palace of several hundred rooms, catering to the tastes and whims of a critical international clientele, the possibilities of disruption are obvious.

Hotel's answer

The Savoy's answer was a perfectly geared mechanism operated from the centre, ranging from a private press for printing the hotel's menus to a roasting plant, which today not only supplies coffee to guests but ships three-quarters of a ton of the special blend each month to customers all over the world.

The Savoy became the first hotel in Europe to be air-conditioned and to Vitaglaze its windows to admit ultra-violet rays. Equipped with its own 2-megawatt power station, and oil-fuelled since 1930 to avoid too heavy a reliance on precarious coal supplies, it now produces 200 million pounds of steam a year, apart from serving a refrigeration plant which supplies up to six tons of ice daily. Deep wells had long been sunk to produce half a million gallons of London's softest water on a peak day.

Continued on page 23

LATE Duke of Kent and Princess Marina, who made a handsome couple on the Savoy Hotel's dance floor.

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Continued from page 21

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

Since 1921 the hotel's laundry at Clapham has handled a vast quantity of sheets, pink tablecloths and napkins, apart from the guests' frilled shirts, silks, and lace.

With an army of upholsterers, painters, decorators, plumbers, carpetlayers, carpenters, and bricklayers swiftly recruited from the hotel's own resources, the decor of a suite or reception-room can be smoothly replanned, and any upholstery or furniture repaired, by expert craftsmen on the premises.

The Savoy soon decided to make its own mattresses, and some of the clients have found the beds so comfortable that often they ask to have them shipped to the United States or India. The management has usually shown reluctance to export such an obvious attraction.

Every floor is now self-contained and staffed by a housekeeper with a squad of waiters, valets, chambermaids, and cleaners. Bedrooms lead into a marble bathroom, complete with telephone, with half a dozen fine linen face towels changed daily, and a variety of hard and soft bath towels.

The sitting-rooms are furnished with Louis Seize escritoires and gold-nibbed pens, and the most stylishly ornamental mirrors blend into a decor adaptable to a guest's personal taste.

It has long been routine to switch furniture at a moment's notice, to supply a perfectly tuned piano for a composer or a lectern for an author who suffered from sciatica. When one artist wished to have his sitting-room made into a temporary studio, the conversion was done while he was at lunch.

Inspection

As soon as a suite is vacated, the housekeeper does a meticulous inspection for the smallest damage to carpets, sheets, or furniture by burns and stains. It is now almost ritual to close a whole floor of the Savoy once a year for redecoration and cleaning, an operation completed in 10 days.

All this unremitting attention to detail has had to be achieved with unobtrusive efficiency.

People can understand the astonishment of an American visitor, H. Ridgeley Bullock, jun., who once arrived at breakfast-time, unshaven and bleary-eyed after a rough night flight. In the foyer with its blazing log fire, ormolu clocks, easy chairs, and thick beige carpet, waiters in tails and reception clerks in morning dress were moving about with a smiling unflurried calm. There was no evidence of the showcases and arcades which confront visitors at almost all luxury hotels.

"I walked into the lobby and there were all these elegant-looking guys standing around," he recalls. "I thought, someone's had a helluva party here last night. Why don't the guests go home?"

The house-party effect was subtly created even before the guests registered. Convoys of trunks and pigskin cases purred majestically to and from the boat trains.

Before air travel became popular, guests never arrived without evening dress and an extensive wardrobe for every social emergency. Some brought 15 or more trunks, and few who disembarked from their Cunard staterooms had baggage standing less than 4ft. high on the quay. At Plymouth and Southampton the hotel's representatives met guests and helped them through routine formalities, a service which often began on board the liners at Cherbourg.

From the earliest days of air travel the Savoy was the first hotel to have its own reception and couriers at the London airports, today a large organisation.

Meanwhile, Wall Street was still in a gay spiral and as many as 200 hotel guests decanted from a single liner. Long-stemmed roses, camellias, and orchids glowed in the florist's boutique at the Savoy. Behind the scenes girls wired countless bouquets and fashioned table decorations.

In the hairdressing salon celebrities were shaved, shorn, and anointed. Clients would have costly pomades sent to their homes in faraway Texas, and even Tokyo.

One Indian prince used to order a dozen bottles of hair lotion at a time, assuring the manager that his servants found it excellent for riding boots.

A £5 tip was commonplace for the manicurists, who included a pretty French girl later to achieve literary fame as Mrs. Robert Henrey.

Between the wars the daily house-list was always rich, varied, and cosmopolitan. Sandwiched between *Debrett*, *Who's Who*, and New York's *Social Register*, it offered a remarkable cross-section of the most celebrated statesmen, lawyers, bankers, men of letters, and theatrical stars under one roof.

BEHIND the glitter — the work. Army of cleaning women ensure there is no mark on the Savoy's gleaming floors.

rounded by a fortune in uncut gems.

In those lavish days it was commonplace to serve a portion of three woodcocks, of which two were used for the sauce alone.

Examining his bill after one princely dinner a guest grumbled, "Everything at the Savoy is French except the prices; they are tropical and grow to a great height."

The remark was reported back to Reeves-Smith, who commented urbanely, "The Savoy is expensive, but not *dear.*"

People in show business, whatever their standing, always have a strong addiction to "shop" talk and sentiment. They laugh, cry, and kiss very easily.

From the end of the 1914 war, the Savoy Grill has remained unchallenged as the almost official rendezvous of all the leading stars, impresarios, and critics.

Apart from veterans like A. P. Herbert and Noel Coward, the faces and names have changed, but the atmosphere surprisingly little. It remains flippant, chic, professional, and sentimental. The air is nostalgic with reminiscence or charged with the adrenalin of a new hit.

Through the years there has been the same phalanx of fast-talking and heavy-lidded agents, all looking surprisingly like Oscar Levant; the massaged cheeks of the big producers permanently more tactful and attentive after first nights, when nerves rose and fell like a souffle. They would follow the fortunes of new plays and films with all the devotion of racing punters. Often they were invited to dress-rehearsals or given seats for second nights and matinees.

While corks popped and telegrams were ripped open, a play's author, stars, producer, and backers would be at peak voltage.

Behind the smiles and kisses lay a smouldering anxiety about the critics, and always the eternal wait until a spry little page entered with the early morning newspapers in his newly starched gloves.

Feared critic

Nobody was more feared than Hannen Swaffer, who stalked the grill-room, day and night, wearing a high collar, Victorian cravat, and the eternal cigarette-end on his lower lip. As London's most influential dramatic critic, he had a captive audience at every table, clamped by his nasal monologue.

None escaped his flow of advice, criticism, and often encouragement. Even a non-stop talker like A. E. Matthews would be stricken dumb. Typical of Swaffer was his much-quoted remark, "Oh, yes, I knew the old King was beginning to break up, you know. He failed to recognise me at his last Garden Party."

He delighted in twitting the mighty, not excluding his employers. This was his public way of asserting independence; particularly when he had accepted too many drinks.

Once while Tallulah Bankhead was enjoying her lunch, a woman rushed over, slapped her, and tore off her hat.

Tallulah lit a cigarette and murmured huskily to her companion, Sir Gerald du Maurier, "What were you sayin', dahlin'?"

One day after lunching at the Savoy, Tallulah, wearing her usual uniform of mink and slacks, was walking with the great advocate Sir Patrick Hastings.

They were accosted by an urchin who offered to stand on his head for sixpence.

Tallulah promptly volunteered to do it at half-price. Sir Patrick handed her a threepenny-bit, and she advanced into the middle of the road and performed to perfection. The small boy gladly accepted sixpence and fled.

Tallulah had many triumphs during her tumultuous eight years in the West End, when she was idolised by gallery girls who would queue in the street for 30 hours before opening nights.

Scarcely a day passed when Tallulah's husky alto-sax was not heard in the Savoy Grill at luncheon or supper, often both. Her inseparable companion was "Bea" Lillie, Lady Peel.

At this time Tallulah was one of the few people in England instantly identified by their christian name.

Egg "yolk" was diamond pendant

Sinclair Lewis started work on *Dodsworth* while awaiting the arrival of his bride, Dorothy Thompson, whom he married in the Savoy Chapel following a registry office ceremony.

Head chef Latry was at work on the order of a wealthy German industrialist who demanded 16 Easter eggs of identical size and appearance. Fifteen were for his dinner guests, the other for his wife.

Inside its chocolate shell were tiny hooks and pulleys so that when she pulled a small tab the egg fell open and a jewel casket slid out. The "yolk" was a magnificent diamond pendant surtanned by sun or lamp; wispy new authors, composers, and dress designers nervously trying to catch the right eye; starlets perched on a spindly talent and wearing sables from the studio wardrobe; and always the current gods and goddesses of the theatre and cinema backing gracefully into the limelight.

Between the two wars the Savoy grill-room had a plethora of gay after-theatre suppers and first nights. Every new film or play was launched like a battleship, with champagne crashing against the side and orchids as plentiful as canapes.

Waiters had always to be

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Games to amuse children

SUGGESTIONS for games to be played by children during a long car trip were asked for by Mrs. Geddes (Qld.). What about a form of "Window Shopping," using in alphabetical order a town on your route, plus, if possible, a verb, adjective, and noun? For example: "When we were in Albury, we ate amazing apples."

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. E. Young, Indooroopilly, Qld.

★ ★ ★

ON approaching a mile post, ask the children to cover their eyes or duck their heads so they can't see. When they think the mile post has been reached, they say "now" or "here." The child who is closest wins either a penny or a point.

£1/1/- to Miss T. Nicholls, West Brunswick, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WE always played "The Minister's Cat." The first player says, "The minister's cat was an angry cat," or the "minister's cat was an agile cat." The second player makes him a brown cat or a big cat. And so on until they have been through the alphabet.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Benson, Fanny Bay, N.T.

★ ★ ★

EACH child chooses a single number, then counts how many times their number appears on car number plates. The first to reach 30 wins. We play this every long trip we make.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Mallyon, Wingham, N.S.W.

DOROTHY DRAIN is on holidays. Her verses will appear again on her return.

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Why so precious?

WHEN I see cabinets full of china, etc., that is considered too precious to use, I wonder why it is saved up year after year. No one else will ever cherish these things in the same way. My mother has had tea sets and other things, some for as long as 40 years, that never come out. She will die without having had the pleasure of using them. I use what I have. Life is too short not to enjoy the things that have been given us.

£1/1/- to Mrs. McGuire, Shortland, N.S.W.

A child wonders . . .

ARRIVING home from school on a recent windy day, my seven-year-old son asked me earnestly would I please put something in between the gaps of his teeth, as the wind blew through them and made his mouth cold.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Eileen Grant, Highton, Vic.

An old saying

IN answer to Mrs. Day, who wanted to know if any other readers were familiar with the term "dressing the bed": Although I now say "I have made the bed," when I was growing up and living with my grandmother in a Victorian country district, we always used the expression "dressing the beds."

£1/1/- to "Mrs. H." (name supplied), South Melbourne.

Superstitious—or not?

WHEN I was young, people used to look over their left shoulder at the new moon for luck. Others believed that turning their money while looking at a new moon would achieve the same result. Are people still as superstitious about seeing a new moon as they used to be?

£1/1/- to "O Ma" (name supplied), Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Lucrative hobby

ANOTHER lucrative hobby for a housewife is to board pet cage birds. As people are taking holidays all through the year, this is a hobby always in season.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Underhill, Tarragindi, Qld.

"Good old Mum"

ARE all mums like me? I am supposed to have lost all missing articles in our house. If "Mum, where is my . . .?" doesn't produce the desired help, a more desperate cry of "Mum, where did you put it?" follows. Never having seen the lost article, helping is rather a problem, but help I do. To "Good old Mum, I knew you would find it!", I have never found a suitable reply.

£1/1/- to "Nopey" (name supplied), Tranmere North, S.A.

Rags can be treasures

I ARRIVED in Australia recently from England. We have a nice house we are renting, and when the owners moved out, they left lots of little things they thought would come in handy for me in starting a new home. For this I'm extremely grateful. But, oh, what I would give for a few clean rags for polishing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. E. Perrian, Dee Why, N.S.W.

Words of wisdom

WHEN my sister was three she stayed for a short while with a friend of the family and loved to sit up at night for as long as she was allowed. One evening she was noticed to be yawning and was asked if she shouldn't go to bed? She replied, "It's not my eyes that are tired, it's only my mouth." This happened 12 years ago and still makes me laugh.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Deane Tankin, Minnipa, S.A.

Penny wise, parcel foolish

WHAT is the matter with us women that we fall for those "6d off, 9d off" ads? We dash off, load ourselves up like packhorses and nearly break our necks getting home just to save a few shillings. With fewer backaches, headaches, and other complaints caused by carrying heavy loads, a few shillings a week more for home delivery will pay off in the long run. Where are our brains?

£1/1/- to "Harassed Housewife" (name supplied), Chatswood, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

SOMEONE asked Mrs. Simpson how old her daughter Wendy was.

"She's three," was the reply.

Wendy spoke up indignantly. "No, I'm three and a half!" she said.

At Wendy's kindergarten, a half-year is important. Even a bit of a year is not to be despised.

She told us that one of the senior boys there, Martin by name, was four and a bit. Wendy regarded Martin as a mature man of the world.

One of the special things about being young is that small parts of your life seem big.

Take Gary Hopkins. Officially his age is four. But when asked how old he is, he replies: "Nearly five."

He is justified in putting the "nearly" in. It would be unfair for a boy of Gary's standing to be treated as only four.

Being nearly five, he has a whole string of accomplishments. He can read some words on cereal packets, work himself up on a swing, and do the dogpaddle. These feats are

FRACTIONAL FITTINGS

often beyond the power of someone who is merely four and a bit.

For the same reason, school pupils give their age to the nearest quarter or month when filling in forms: "Jennifer Smithers. Age: 9¾."

It is usual to state one's age with particular care in entering for competitions. I remember going in for a competition for an essay on Burke and Wills, and writing after my name: "Aged 11 years 2 months."

But later on in life something changes. Time travels in top gear, and fractions of a year hardly seem to count.

I have never heard of a woman of 41 who gave her age as 41¼, or "nearly 42." If she did, everyone would assume she was at least 45.

Would it be better if older people kept up the fraction business? I suppose it would make for more accurate reporting in the Press:

"Marilyn Glamwell, 21¼, was chosen today as Miss Australia."

"William Knuckle, 32¼, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment."

"Sir Henry Brayne, nearly 56, has been appointed Chairman of the Whatsit Board."

One's curiosity would be gratified if authors had to state their ages, like the boys and girls in essay competitions: e.g., *War and Peace*, by Leo Tolstoy, aged 51 years seven months.

But women novelists would dislike it, and most of the men, too.

There is one good rule for discussing ages with people over 35: Dont. I'm certainly not going to put my age after *this* essay.

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See how interior decorator Mr. David Tilley gives a spacious look to a bachelor apartment. He chose "Westminster Grey" as the colour base, to give a calm, spacious look to the entire flat. It goes from room to room and out into the hallway.

With the carpet so beautifully plain, Mr. Tilley added bright notes of vibrant colour. Yellow for the settee, a bedspread in softer tones and a dull gold bolster to give a sofa effect. Misty grey curtains soften the straight clean lines of white tables. Stark white shelves hold the books and treasures of the household.

Once again, the plain elegance of Westminster carpet proves the perfect base for a decorating scheme, as modern as this. Antique. Colonial.

Because it is plain.

And, very simply, because it is Westminster.

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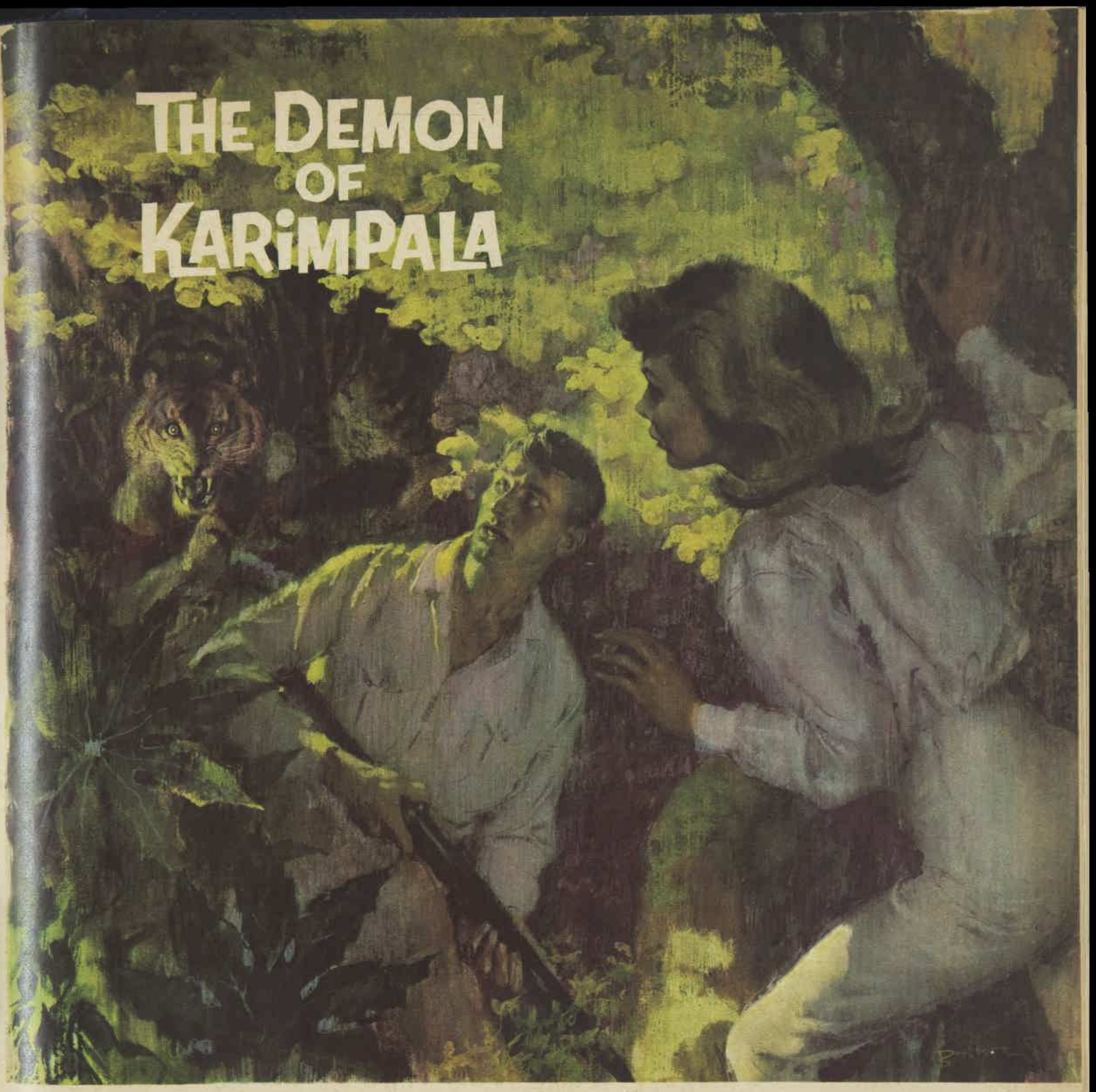
THE DEMON OF KARIMPALA



By DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

In the eerie jungle the hunter and the hunted kept their nocturnal vigil . . . a dramatic short story

MY name is Peter Hill. I am a tea-planter in the Darjeeling hills, but that March afternoon I was down in the jungles of West Bengal. I came out of the forest, went through a high gate, and unloaded my rifle. It was dusty and hot, and I was thinking of the swim that I would have. The swim would be fun—or a coolness and relief. But I was not here for fun. I was here to shoot a man-eating tiger.

I walked up the drive to the whitewashed bungalow. It is a lovely place, that Karimpala. Even then, in the dryness of the year, the lawns were green and spring water abundant. In princely days Karimpala had been the country retreat of a maharaja who liked to fence his companions in, or to fence his wildlife out, whichever it had been, or both.

At any rate, a spiked, twenty-foot railing had served some purpose and still was tiger-proof, which made for peaceful sleep at present. Not that my sleep was peaceful in those days. "Oh, damnation!" I said, seeing a Land-rover beside my jeep.

They had asked me to come to deal with this animal, but they did not tell me that company would thrust itself on me at Karimpala. I did not want company, except the trusty, annoying company of old Fazl Haq, my bearer. This would be a planter, a forestry officer, a someone or other to have to talk to, drink with and be bored by.

Whoever it was did not appear, and I went into my room at one end of the bungalow. "Who is it?" I asked Fazl Haq, putting my rifle in the rack.

"It is Kittery Sahib," he said. "And the Sahib is sick."

"Oh," I said. That would be Martin Kittery, who managed a garden along the Dooars. I knew him slightly, and I knew that he had lost his wife a year ago abroad—in Canada, perhaps — and that he had been flown to Calcutta for an operation this past Christmas.

We planters are a small league, in two divisions more or less—the height-happy hills division, the sweaty-browed Dooars division. A grapevine flourishes up and down and to and fro. I was sorry about Kittery's troubles. Being a bachelor in good health, I had no troubles except my disagreeable self. "What?"

"The Kittery Miss Sahib is with her father."

"Oh," I said.

"What was the shot, Sahib?"

"A karkar," I said.

Fazl Haq showed little interest. I sent him away and changed into my swimming trunks.

The Kittery girl would be in India to keep house for her father. I could envisage the dumpy debutante or faded member of the fishing fleet as I went down to the

To page 50

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It was a bitter family argument, but Henry was determined to have the final word . . . a short short story

By JOHN WALL

SECOND BEST

HENRY looked across the breakfast table at his wife's angry face.

"You spoil Richard," he said reproachfully. "You give him everything he asks for."

"Nonsense," she said heatedly. "It's just that I think that the car would make a wonderful birthday present for him. I mean, we're not exactly down-and-outs. We can afford it, and he is our only son."

Henry ruminated on the careless way some women spoke about money. He thought also of all the bills due at the end of the month.

"You should be more firm with him," he continued. "I notice that he asked you first. He leaves you to come to me."

His wife permitted a slow smile to cross her face. "Perhaps he's inherited some of his father's cunning," she said.

Henry frowned. He was in no mood for sly jibes. He finished his breakfast and put on his hat and coat.

As he went out of the front door he said: "Richard isn't getting that car. I've made up my mind. Despite what you say, we can't afford it just now."

He hated leaving his wife with the echoes of a quarrel still in her ears, but he felt he must show resolution. He was always giving in to her whims. "Perhaps next year," he said, as he closed the door behind him.

Sitting in the train on the way to town, he found his thoughts wandering from his newspaper to the car. He could at least go and see the wretched thing in his lunch hour. He felt a little better after his decision and turned to his paper again.

His wife, in her efforts to persuade him to buy the car, had described it to him precisely and told him where it was. She and Richard had come across it together.

After a quick lunch, he went along to see it. He had to admit that it was a nice model. He particularly liked the gleaming red bodywork and the smooth lines. He could easily understand why Richard wanted it.

The price tag caught his eye and his lips tightened. Richard would just have to learn that he couldn't have everything he wanted.

When Henry got home that evening his wife said: "Well, did you like it?"

Henry sighed. Sometimes he wondered if his wife knew him better than he knew himself.

"Did I like what, dear?" he asked innocently.

"Why, the car, of course."

"It was all right," he said grudgingly. "I've seen better."

"Oh, Henry!" She looked at him, an expression of frustration on her face. "You know it's just what Richard needs. What do you say?"

Henry thought for a moment. He felt that he was being backed into a corner and that he must show some resistance.

"You had my answer this morning," he said firmly. "It's about time Richard learned how to wait."

His wife had been about to place his supper on the table. Now, with an angry gesture, she threw it into the kitchen-tidy.

Henry sighed deeply as she slammed out of the room. It was strange the way he always seemed to come off second best in arguments with his wife.

She was obviously giving him some of his own treatment. If Richard had to wait for the car, he would have to wait for his supper.

He went to the larder. He would have to settle for eggs and bacon — that was the easiest thing to cook.

He was further dismayed to find his wife absent from the breakfast table next morning, but at least eggs and bacon made a wholesome breakfast.

Henry set his jaw firmly. He would hold out, even if it meant eggs and bacon for the next six months.

The car was becoming something of a magnet. And once again he went to see it during his lunch hour. He imagined the look of delight that would appear on Richard's face if he became the owner of that gleaming red beauty.

He thought also of the forgiving looks he would get from his wife and of the nice, succulent meals she would cook him. It was certainly very tempting . . .

Henry clenched his fists tightly. He must show strength of purpose.

He took a bunch of roses home with him that evening, but they were received with frigid politeness. However, they did result in his getting a meal cooked. And although it was not up to his wife's usual high standard it was better than having eggs and bacon again.

Richard must have been told of his father's decision, because Henry caught him glancing in his direction several times throughout the evening with rather a sad expression. Henry began to feel something of a villain.

Richard's birthday was only two days away, and Henry wondered what else he could get to make up for the car. He knew, however, that there could be no substitute.

His wife telephoned him at work the following day to renew the attack.

"I've just been talking to Mrs. Benton," she said triumphantly, "and her husband bought Alfred one of those cars last year."

She paused to let her words hit home. Henry drummed his fingers on the desk. There had always been a certain amount of rivalry between Benton and himself, due mainly to Benton's ability to beat him at golf with ridiculous ease.

Henry knew that his wife was hoping that he would now buy the car so that he wouldn't be outdone by Benton.

He had to admire her fighting spirit. She was using every trick . . .

"Benton has more money than I have," he said calmly, wincing at the noise made as his wife slammed down the receiver.

At first he felt pleased. He had shown a resistance that surprised even himself. But, as the day wore on, he grew more and more miserable.

His wife had been so persistent only because she was thinking of Richard's happiness.

As she had said, it was his birthday, and he was their only son.

After all, what's £10 in return for the smile on the face of a small boy?

Yes, he'd buy that red pedal car.

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The queries and answers on this page are some of the most recently asked fashion questions in my mail. The first letter and answer deals with a style query. Part of the reader's letter is published below.

"I have a very nice piece of thick wool in a creamy shade for which I want you to suggest a style and pattern. I would prefer a frock, rather than a suit, if you consider the fabric suitable."

The material will be suitable for a dress if the design is neatly tailored. See illustration far right for my style choice. Smart new details to note are the standing collar, double-breasted closing, and pockets finished with flaps.

Lines beneath the picture give further details and how to order pattern.

"I would like a suggestion for a blouse and hat to liven up a dark brown winter suit."

I suggest a round-necked overblouse in white wool jersey and a helmet hat in white felt. Add white gloves and brown shoes and handbag and you will have an extremely attractive outfit. (See picture at right.)

"A couple of months ago I purchased a pinafore dress in rose-pink self-patterned silk. I have worn the frock without a blouse for informal evenings. Now I find it rather chilly and wondered what you could advise for winter wear."

Wear the dress over a long-sleeved black sweater and for an extra new look add plain or fancy black stockings. (See picture below.)

6313.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16, for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. The price, 7/6, includes postage. Pattern available from Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

WHITE accessories (above) to liven a dark winter suit. Pinafore dress (left) can be worn with or without a sweater.

"Please suggest a flattering design to disguise a rather thick waistline."

Either a shift or dress with a slightly lowered waistline, or a two-piece with an easy-fit overblouse top would help disguise your figure fault.

"What is the correct length to wear a winter skirtline?"

Correct lengths are short. The most popular length is to the knee. In Paris, designer Courreges in his spring collection featured hemlines three inches above the knee. This ultra short length is not for everybody. I think a hemline should vary according to figure proportions, personal taste, and the silhouette of the garment. The mature, not-so-slim woman should wear a skirt to cover the knees.

"Can you provide me with a pattern to fit a 40in. bust size? The style I need is a waisted frock with a buttoned opening from collar to hem."

Our pattern department includes a front-buttoned coat dress in your size group. If you decide to order pattern please quote Butterick pattern 2841 and mention your size. The price, 5/9, includes postage. Pattern available from Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Would it be incorrect to have a dark brown fur jacket lined with emerald-green?"

No, it wouldn't be incorrect, but I think a dark fur coat should have a lining several shades darker or lighter than the fur.

"Could you suggest some type of winter head covering for a very cold climate? I don't care for a head-scarf but have never been keen on wearing a hat."

I suggest a Courreges bonnet made in velvet, fur, or wool. This type of head-hugging bonnet has proved terrifically successful in the U.S. and Europe.

"Is it correct to wear black patent shoes in the winter?"

I consider patent is an all-season shoe leather and looks best worn with a matching handbag.

"What style of frock would be pretty to take on my annual holidays to wear at night? I am 16 and I want the frock in silk."

A bare-armed shift made in vivid print, finished with a self ruffle edge down centre front and a double ruffle repeated at the hemline, would be suitable.

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A CASSEROLE FOR JANEY

A short story

By G. R. McCALLUM

Any girl should be happy with such a lovely gift.

THE pretty little town of Boongoona, in south-western Queensland, lay sweltering in a heat wave. The tall gum trees by the river were dusty in the hazy sunlight. Flowers wilted in the gardens of the houses among their shrubs and shady creepers.

Miss Millicent Amelia Patterson, commonly called Milly, was a little tired in the heat wave. She rested on her side veranda, on the sofa, all the afternoon. She had a new book from the library, but she went to sleep and woke up with her clothes all sticking to her.

It was always hot in February. She had planned to spend this month down at the coast at Redcliffe. But she had spent her saved-up money in another way. Milly chuckled to herself now, resting on the sofa, remembering the way she'd spent it.

The Wilsons drove her down to Brisbane. They had arranged that she would stay there at the hotel with them for that night. She would mind the children while they went to the ballet. Next day they would take her down to Redcliffe and install her at the boarding-house where she had booked her room.

In the morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Wilson took the children shopping. Milly didn't care for shopping in the city. She did hers in Boongoona, where she knew the people. They looked after her in shops there. They knew about her being hard of hearing. So now she just sat in the Wilsons' car and waited there in comfort.

That was when she saw those dishes just inside a shop door. The color of them caught her eye, and she peered out through the passing people. She got out and went inside the shop to see the dishes better. They looked beautiful standing on a special table of their own. She walked all round it slowly, then just stood there looking at the lovely color.

After some time, a very high, posh salesgirl came and said: "Can I help you, Madam?"

Milly didn't care for being spoken to as "Madam." It made her feel so stupid.

She said apologetically: "I'm only looking at these dishes."

The salesgirl turned them round with waving hands and talked about them. Milly wished she'd stop and go away. She didn't like to go herself. It seemed rather rude to leave her talking to the dishes. Milly couldn't hear too well against the noises in the street.

She said: "Oh" and "Yes" sometimes, just to keep the poor girl happy. She must have said "Yes" once too often, because the salesgirl seemed surprised.

She said quite distinctly: "Do you want to take them with you, Madam?"

Milly said: "I don't want to take them. I've got two casseroles at home."

The girl said: "Oh, how lovely for you, Madam."

But she seemed quite huffy.

Milly made her escape then. But beside the empty car she wavered. She had thought of little Janey Seton — Mrs. Malcolm Blackett now that she was married. How she'd love a casserole that color. Milly stood there, thinking. She'd saved up a lot more money this time than Mrs. Davis at the boarding-house took from her last year, and the Wilsons driving her had saved her the bus fare.

She made up her mind quickly and went back to where that high, posh salesgirl was rearranging the different sizes of the dishes on the table.

Milly said: "Please, Miss, I'll have the small one, thank you."

But the salesgirl was still huffy. She seemed to think that Milly didn't really want another casserole. She kept on moving round the table, talking crossly. Milly was all hot and bothered, standing by the little dish. When she put her finger on it, the girl came, glaring at her, saying rudely: "I can't break it for you. Leave the thing alone."

Miss Millicent Amelia Patterson bravely pulled herself together. Remembering her manners, she said most politely: "I don't want it broken, thank you. Can you pack it very carefully and send it to Boongoona? To Mrs. Malcolm Blackett, Dinneroo, Boongoona."

That cheeky salesgirl was patting at her hair and smiling now.

"Mrs. Blackett is a customer. Does she want it sent on her account?"

Milly shook her head quite firmly. "It's a present for her. I have my money in my bag. How much is it?"

The girl said she must go to see about the postage. Milly stroked the little casserole while she was away. It was just as smooth and lovely as it looked.

A man said: "Can I help you, Madam?"

Milly smiled and turned away. She was glad she'd stood up to the cheeky girl, but she couldn't cope with two of them. She was happy thinking how much her darling Janey would love that little casserole. It was so much nicer than the cup and saucer that she'd sent her from the store at Boongoona just before the wedding.

Then the high posh salesgirl came back and told her how much money she must pay her.

Miss Millicent Amelia Patterson didn't bat an eye! She knew it was her own fault, because she'd quite forgotten to ask the price first. She counted out the notes and gave them to her.

She said most politely: "Thank you, Madam. Would you like to put a card in?"

Milly said she wouldn't. She knew her little Janey would be most embarrassed if she ever found out she'd spent all that money for her.

The salesgirl treated her politely. She said: "Thank you, Madam. I hope we'll be seeing you again." She went out to the door with her and said, "It will go out to Boongoona straight away."

"So will I," said Milly when she was safe inside the car. "That's if the Wilsons will take me back with them today."

The Wilsons did, with a lot of sympathy when Milly told a little lie. She said she was feeling rather ill and would like to go home to be near Dr. Chalmers. Mrs. Wilson rang the boarding-house at Redcliffe to cancel that room booked for Miss Patterson.

Milly chuckled to herself, now, lying on the sofa on her side veranda. She wasn't very clever, and she knew it. But she thought that she had managed rather well. She hadn't let that cheeky salesgirl put it over her. All by herself in the city she had picked a present for her little Janey that turned out to be very valuable.

She got up and had a shower and made herself a cup of tea. It was nice to be at home where she could have a cup of tea in her undies just when she wanted to.

When the sun had gone behind the oleanders she put on her old overalls and went out to hose her garden. It wouldn't be all withered, now she hadn't gone away. She picked a lettuce and tomato for her supper. She had another shower before she ate her meal in the kitchen in her nightie, and thought of all those people down at Redcliffe sitting up like Jackie, having dinner in smart holiday outfits.

Milly wasn't very keen on dressing up for strangers to inspect her. To tell the truth she wasn't really fond of going to strange places. She'd spent all her near-seventy years in homesteads in the district round Boongoona before she bought her little house and garden in the town and retired on the pension. She had everything she wanted.

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"NOW all I need is a hat'n'bag'n'gloves to match!"

Continued from page 31

A CASSEROLE FOR JANEY

All her friends were round about her. They were very good to her. Her favorite families were the Setons and the Blacketts. Her favorite of the lot of them was little Janey. She seemed to know that Milly was getting old and tired, although she cracked so hardy. Janey never once forgot to come and see her when she came to town and do little things for her.

Milly smiled now at her plate and cup and saucer as she washed them at the sink. Those married Malcolm Blacketts had come home from their honeymoon, and tomorrow Margo Seton, Janey's mother, was picking Milly up to take her out to lunch with Janey in her own home, ten miles down the river.

Malcolm's parents had built a new house in Boongoona, just near Milly, and Janey had the homestead with its lovely garden.

Milly lay down on her bed and went to sleep. She was very lucky. She had everything she wanted.

. . . . .

Little Janey was so sweet and pretty when she ran out to meet them in the garden.

She said, "I haven't seen you since the wedding, Milly. I've been so busy settling in since I got back. How are you, Honey? It's been so hot. But it was hotter on the coast. I'm glad you didn't go to Redcliffe.

"Now just sit there on the veranda with your feet up. I'll bring out lunch out here. It's cooler at this table. I'll show you my new curtains afterwards. No, you can't help me. It's all ready. I'm an efficient housewife, thanks to your early training when mother was too busy having babies."

Margo laughed. "Milly knows she trained me, too, when I came out here fresh from the city. Milly knows the way to do things. So she ought to, with old Grannie Blackett's training here at Dinneroo."

She went inside with Janey.

Milly was so happy in the squatter's chair, remembering the old days. She felt quite drowsy till her closing eyes were caught by something on the table. There was the casserole from the shop in Brisbane. She got up to have a better look. It seemed bigger than the one she'd bought for Janey.

Janey and her mother came out with the traymobile. They saw her looking at the casserole.

Janey said, "Look, Mum, these came while we were away. Half a dozen of them in all sizes. The label on the carton calls it a 'Hotel Set' From the new Art Shop in Brisbane where Pam Wilson took me to get the stuff for curtains. With no card or anything."

"Must be a mistake," said Margo.

"No, I rang the shop," said Janey. "I got the girl that sold them. She said a lady bought them and gave her my address. She paid cash and said it was a present, but she wouldn't put a card in. Must be someone with less sense than money. I know this stuff is quite expensive. What am I going to do with six of them, and all this color that doesn't go with anything I've got?"

MILLY said she must go and wash her hands for lunch. She stayed in the bathroom to recover. Of course, it was her hard-of-hearing! She really shouldn't try to do her shopping by herself.

She washed her old black hands slowly with Janey's new pink soap and held her head up in the mirror. Then she smiled. She hadn't let that cheeky salesgirl put it over her. She told Janey that a lady bought it.

Janey came and said, "Milly, darling, are you all right? I've poured your tea for you. In that lovely cup and saucer that you gave me for a wedding present."

Miss Millicent Amelia Patterson smiled at Milly in the mirror. It was an awful pity that she couldn't share the joke with Janey.

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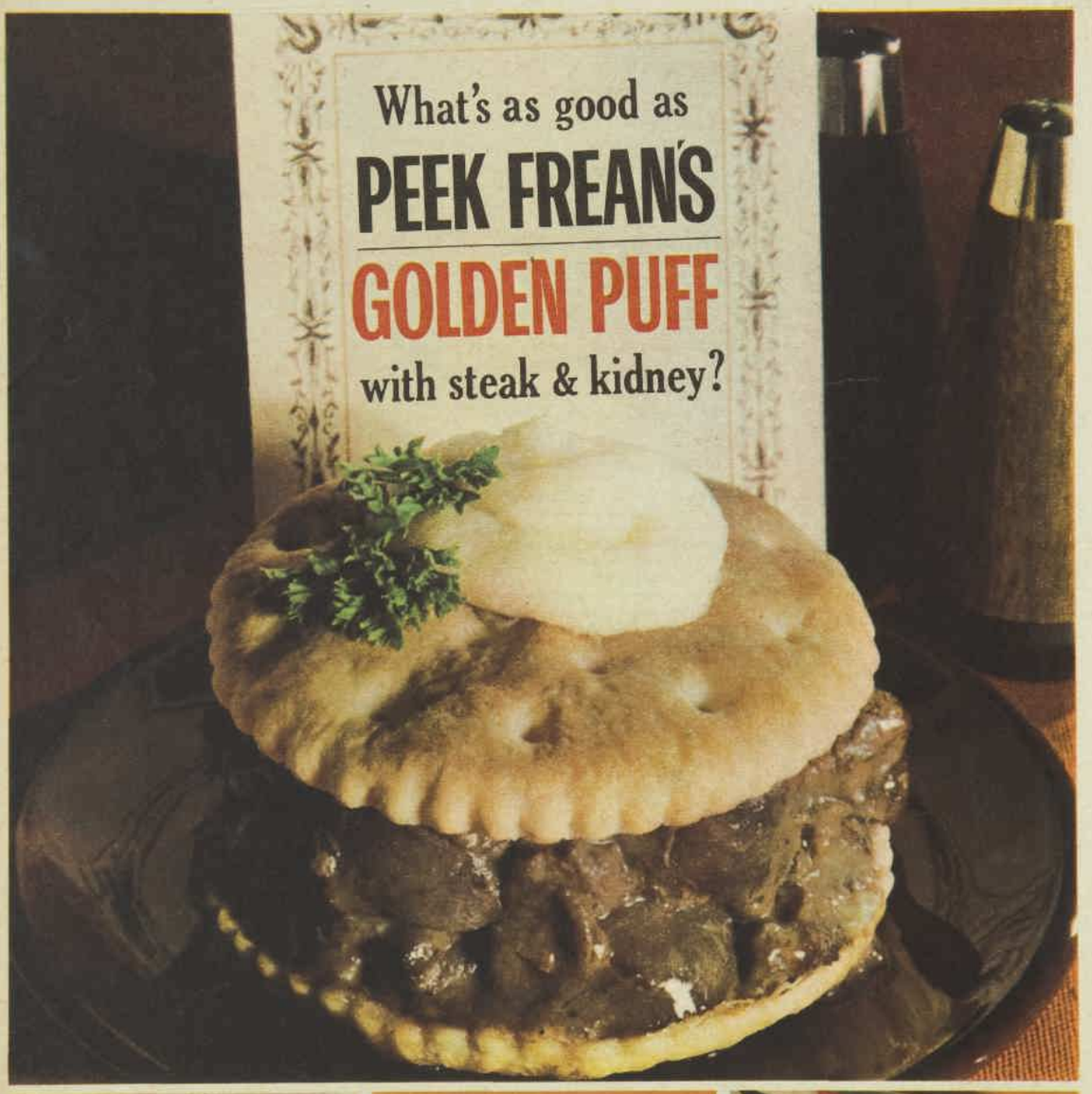

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RIVETS

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Gift from a baby-sitter

A short short story

By OLGA ROSMANITH

THE young Allens suffered a slight shock the first time they met Mrs. Tremayne. They thought she was too old for baby-sitting, charming as they admitted was her personality. A very young baby confined to his cot, maybe; but not Wilfred, nicknamed Wilful, seven years old, with the charging talents of a baby bull and almost as strong as one.

Dot Allen glanced over her shoulder to be sure Wilful wasn't listening. He was invisible. "You may find Wilfred a bit of a handful, Mrs. Tremayne. I hope he won't tire you."

The small, frail old lady smiled, looking more than ever like a piece of Dresden porcelain. "Oh, I'm sure he won't. Go and enjoy yourselves. Don't you worry about me."

At this moment Wilfred came charging to the front door to join the controversy. Mrs. Tremayne beamed at him. "What a handsome, intelligent boy. I'm sure he has a lot to tell me about what's going on in the world. What kind of new car is that over there, for instance?"

The Allens saw Wilfred pointing at the various cars parked at the neat little modern houses across the street and excitedly telling Mrs. Tremayne all about them as they drove away. Dot looked as the car turned the corner.

"It's too bad such an old lady has to work for extra money, the pension's so small. Just the same it isn't safe. I'll tell them to send me someone young and hefty the next time and all the next times."

"You're right," agreed George, "though I do feel sorry for her."

Mrs. Tremayne was not sorry for herself. When they returned at one a.m. Wilfred was sound asleep and she was still awake. No damage or disorder was evident. The old lady looked calm and unruffled.

Wilfred was uncommunicative about his evening with the new baby-sitter—he always was—until the day before it was time to call up the agency and arrange for one.

"Be sure to ask for Mrs. Tremayne again," he said decisively.

"Tell me one good reason," said his astonished mother.

"She promised to bring me something. It's something special. It belongs to the book she was reading to me. It's something her uncle brought from a sea voyage in her childhood."

Wilfred gave her the calm, purposeful look that woke the alarm bell in her stomach.

"She wants the job, Mummie. I like her and I won't bother her. And I want the present she promised me."

Dot said, "Very well, that's a promise." She dialled the agency and asked specifically for Mrs. Tremayne, hoping the old lady would be booked elsewhere. She was not. She arrived the following evening, this time carrying an old tapestry satchel, bulging no doubt with the present for Wilfred.

When they came home to the tranquil sitter and the sleeping child, whatever it was remained a secret till the morning. Actually, Wilfred had slept with his treasure under his pillow. He showed it grudgingly as if the magic might vanish in other hands.

"Why, it's a little glass horse," said Dot. It was chunky and heavy and very smooth. George weighed it in his hand. "Some kind of old moulded glass," he guessed. "Doesn't look as if it would break easily."

Wilfred demanded it back. Already he loved it with a child's fanatical love of some special favorite.

"It will never break. I'll give it to my great-grandson when I'm as old as Mrs. Tremayne."

The young Allens rocked with laughter. Next time Mrs. Tremayne arrived, for she was now a fixture, they told her this as a funny story. She took it gravely. "I've no doubt it has been handed down before," she said. "I loved it myself as a child, yet was never tempted to give it to my own grandchildren."

"She has a family," said Dot to George as they drove off. "Wonder why they don't help her."

"That's not our business," George decided.

He changed his mind when his Uncle Fred, on furlough from a job in Japan, spent a weekend with them. Uncle Fred picked up the little glass horse while Wilfred was in kindergarten. "This is a rare treasure to trust to an ignorant child. Rock crystal. Very ancient Chinese."

"Goodness, I wonder if Mrs. Tremayne knows."

They explained its origin with the baby-sitter and added it came with a book the old lady had also given Wilfred. Uncle Fred wanted to see the book. It was a book published in 1899 in London titled "The Little Glass Horse," by Lucille Fernwood. It was very beautiful, with its page decorations and ethereal watercolor illustrations.

Dot and her husband paused at the door as Mrs. Tremayne handed Wilfred a parcel.

It was about a small girl who was given a little crystal horse and nightly got up out of bed and went long exciting rides on it. The book was one of a series that took the child all over the world. This particular one took the rider on the magic horse to the fabulous temples and cities of India.

"It's so old-fashioned, it's funny," said Dot, "but the strangest thing is that Wilfred loves it."

"What's so strange?" said Uncle Fred, reading the book. "This is the stuff that dreams are made of. Look, it's signed by the author, too. I'd take a bet the book, too, is a collection piece."

Dot called up the biggest store of rare and unusual books in town. The Lucille Fernwood books were rare, she was informed, but could be got. The last market price was one hundred dollars on the one she asked for.

"That does it," said Dot, putting down the phone. "We have got to let Mrs. Tremayne know about this."

After a little argument and persuasion she got Mrs. Tremayne's address from the agency and decided that there and then before Wilfred came home from school they should all go and call on her.

The address was one of the old frame houses in good, well-kept gardens on the right side of town. It was painted white with yellow trim, and the garden was lush and green and full of roses. An elderly housekeeper answered the door and ushered them into a living-room draped with chintz and full of glistening cabinets filled with rare china.

Mrs. Tremayne greeted them with surprise, and then with some emotion when she heard the reason for the expedition.

"Oh, no, I couldn't take them back for the world. I knew what I was giving to Wilfred and I explained to him why he had them. I have plenty more books. You see, I wrote them, and that little crystal horse my Uncle John brought me from China started the series. He told me it was a magic horse, and if I woke in the night and saw it standing by the bed to get on it and it would take me anywhere I asked it.

"You see, some old ladies have to baby-sit because they need the money. I need the children. My books are out of date with the publishers, but imagination is not."

She rang the bell and ordered tea. Tea in bone china out of a silver pot with wafer bread and butter and English fruit cake. A journey on the little glass horse to the nineteenth century.

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Continued from page 23

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

But while actors and actresses attracted all the sighs and stares in the grill-room, the true centre-pieces were the tables presided over by producers and impresarios like C. B. Cochran. He presented dozens of stars, from Duse to Delysia.

Between the pink champagne corks, Cochran had sundry writs and petitions in bankruptcy, and he finally became a pathetic figure, crippled by arthritis in the hip and in professional decline.

When he put on his ill-fated *Lights Up* at the Savoy Theatre, Reeves-Smith presented him with a suite in the hotel for the run of the show.

For more than 20 vintage years Cochran's table was a gay and glittering carousel of London's most brilliant talents. Warm in his friendships under the flippant veneer, Noel Coward would always stop for a glass of wine or a bowl of his favorite bouillabaisse, laced with garlic, and talk shop with "Cockie."

No supper in the grill had its true accolade without Coward or Gertrude Lawrence. Coward's bon mots, always astringent and often self-mocking, were passed round the room like peppermint creams.

The first-night party for *Cavalcade* was not soon forgotten. The play had opened during a period of depression, slump, and the dole, when national morale was low. It brought a lump into the country's throat, particularly Coward's line, "After all, it's still a pretty exciting thing to be an Englishman."

That night there was little need to sit gloomily awaiting the critics. The hardest-boiled of them had stood and cheered through a dozen curtain calls. At the hotel, obviously delighted but still managing to wear his mask of nonchalance, the playwright was swaddled by adoring friends. "Darlings" fell like confetti, and incense rose high to the ceiling.

Sara Allgood, of the Abbey Theatre, was one of many who struggled to reach Coward's side. To his surprise, politely concealed, she began to chatter about the weather, her health, unemployment, and the state of the box-office in Dublin, indeed, everything but *Cavalcade*. Coward finally wrinkled his eyebrows and asked her what she had thought of the show.

"Well, Noel," she replied sweetly, "everyone can say it's tripe if they want to, but I liked it."

Looking back on the period between Versailles and Munich the grill-room had the luminous quality and glamor of a photograph in soft focus.

The spectacular glitter of the theatre was perfectly reflected off-stage by stars like Gertrude Lawrence. Although no beauty, she had a grace of carriage and a magnetism which made every other woman seem a trifle dowdy.

She would walk through the room, trailing glamor like a cloak. It was always the same, whether she wore a tiara and sables or the simplest frock unredeemed by a single jewel.

The Savoy staff loved her. At Christmas she would lead a crocodile of pages, staggering under armfuls of presents for waiters, porters, and chambermaids, including their families, whose names and ages she kept up-to-date in her diary.

Another idol was Alice Delysia whose sequins, sheathed gowns, and charm decorated some of Cochran's most glittering musicals. Temperamental and the embodiment of Parisian chic on stage, Delysia lived quietly at the Savoy. From Biarritz her mother wrote practically every other day, reminding her to go to bed early and not forget the hot milk at night.

Once she returned from a tour of Egypt, arriving as usual with more than a dozen suitcases and a cabin trunk. Among various pieces of baggage, a wicker basket was taken up to her suite.

Chevalier kept eye on weight

Before the porter could close the door, the lid lifted slowly. Two large snakes slid out and began to slither along the corridor. A chambermaid fainted, a waiter called the Reception and suggested an S.O.S. to the Zoo, while a resourceful page applied his sketchy knowledge of hypnotism.

Meantime, a porter who had formerly served as valet to a peer and used to accompany him on safaris, rushed to the service-room and armed himself with a pair of fire tongs.

With considerable delicacy he popped the unpleasant guests back into their baskets, and peace reigned once more on the sixth floor.

French cabaret star Mistinguette was another who always gave the Savoy's patrons a star performance. Flashing her famous legs, she would gesticulate violently to show off immense bracelets of emeralds and pearls.

One evening, however, she stared open-mouthed when Lady Londonderry swept in, wearing the magnificent amethyst and diamond parure given to Lord Castlereagh by the Tsar Alexander I.

Maurice Chevalier was mobbed whenever he made an appearance. At dinner parties with the French ambassador or old friends like Jack Buchanan he laughed and joked, but drank only ginger ale, ate little, and always plain English food.

Chevalier was almost fanatically concerned with physical fitness and his waistline. At the window of his river suite he performed physical jerks and a deep-breathing regime, but struggled to overcome an addiction to 50 cigarettes a day. After smoking one or two after breakfast, he used to fling the tin out of his window. Until he was cured, porters always waited below to share the spoils.

Marlene Dietrich, cool and remote, made regal entrances, yet disillusioned the chefs by occasionally following her caviar and pheasant with a request for suet pudding.

Elfin Elisabeth Bergner was in almost permanent conference with J. M. Barrie over *The Boy David*, which would prove such an expensive failure for Cochran.

As well, there were shy Flora Robson, reading a new play in her room, where she had all her meals alone and shut herself off from letters, telephone calls, and even newspapers; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, studying the script of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* while the orchestra played *Tea for Two*; Marie Dressler, slipping into the Savoy Theatre and confiding to the manager that, as a girl, she once sang contralto parts in Gilbert and

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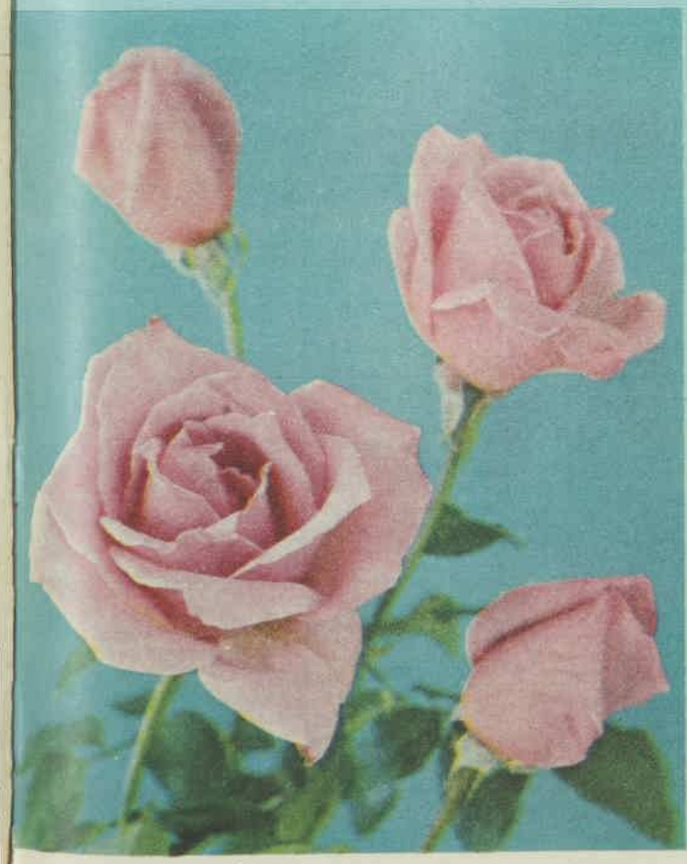
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
presents

ROSES



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Roses — how to make your choice

By R. H. ANDERSON

● There are so many rose varieties that the average gardener is faced with an embarrassment of riches.

WHEN choosing roses study the varieties in the gardens of friends, in plant nurseries, public parks, and catalogues.

The roses listed in the chart below have all established a firm reputation.

Roses can be massed in beds, make effective hedges, and are ideal for cut flowers. Climbers can adorn pergolas or archways and are useful for screening fences or unsightly places.

The home gardener is concerned mainly with bush roses, polyantha or floribunda types, standards, climbers, and miniatures.

Broadly speaking, bush roses are hybrid teas or teas, generally the former, as only a few tea roses are still grown. Polyantha roses are commonly smaller plants with flowers borne in fairly dense clusters.

Floribundas, also known as hybrid polyanthas, bear flowers in clusters, but the flowers are larger and the bushes vary in height from 18in. to 5ft. They are sturdy, free-flowering, and admirably suited for garden displays, hedges, or cut flowers.

The recently developed grandifloras are of hybrid tea size, but with Floribunda habits. Some authorities classify them as hybrid teas or floribundas, according to their habits.

Miniature or fairy roses flower for long periods and are useful for rock gardens, for planting between larger roses, or for pots. Many new varieties are available.

The old favorite Cecile Brunner is not always classed as a miniature, as the flowers are not borne in clusters.

A distinction is often made between climbers and ramblers. The latter produce many strong growths from the base every summer (for example, Dorothy Perkins) and include the hybrid wichuriana roses. Climbers have a permanent framework of old wood from which new growth is produced.

● *Roses on our cover are (top left) MARLENA, (top right) FRAGRANT CLOUD, (lower left) EIFFEL TOWER, (lower right) VIENNA CHARM.*

Pictures in this book were taken by staff photographers at the homes of Mrs. E. G. Best, Ryde, N.S.W.; Mrs. H. Bennett, Miranda, N.S.W.; E. Pietsch, Melbourne; and at Swane's Nursery, Ermington, N.S.W.; George Knight and Sons, Homebush, N.S.W.; Roy H. Rumsey's Nursery, Dural, N.S.W.; Engall's Nursery, Epping, N.S.W.; Hazlewood Nurseries, Epping, N.S.W.

DISEASES

● Roses are subject to pests and disease, although well-cared-for plants are less affected.

BLACK SPOT and powdery mildew are the worst diseases.

BLACK SPOT develops black or brown roundish spots on the foliage or stems in humid conditions. Leaves badly affected turn yellow and fall. Spray with Captan, Thiram, or TMTD for control and burn all infected leaves.

POWDERY MILDEW is prevalent during warm, humid weather, but also occurs in dry weather and is most common on young growth. Spray with Karathane or white oil emulsions. Be careful with the strength, as new growth can be affected adversely. Wettable sulphur (1oz. to 5 gal. water) will control mildew and rust.

RUST. Bright orange powdery spots appear under the leaves, later dark brown or black spots appear.

ROSE WILT occurs mainly on spring growth, the young leaflets recurving, become brittle and fall off easily. Young defoliated shoots usually die back. Young plants are most severely affected. Well-established ones make some recovery but are a danger to neighboring plants. It is a virus disease, and all affected plants should be dug out and burnt.

STEM CANKER begins as small pale yellow or reddish spots on the bark which increase in size, turning brown. The bark develops cracks and becomes a canker. Cut diseased canes well below the canker, and dab cut surfaces with Bordeaux paint.

APHIDS are controlled by nicotine sulphate, malathion, or rogor.

THRIPS. Spray with dieldrin, malathion, or DDT in spring to prevent infestation.

WHITE SCALE. Spray with white oil emulsion (one in 40). Repeat after six weeks.

FULLER'S ROSE WEEVIL is a greyish-brown beetle about 1-3rd in. long which chews leaves. Spray with dieldrin (1oz. of 15 percent dieldrin to two gallons of water).

RED SPIDER. Spray with white oil, malathion, or kelthane.

Always spray both sides of the leaves.

TYPE	RED	YELLOW	WHITE	PINK
BUSH ROSES	**CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** (dark crimson, fully double, fragrant, vigorous growth). **ENA HARKNESS** (rich red, high - pointed centre, fragrant). **SUPER STAR** (pure vermilion, fragrant, lovely full flowers). **CHAMPS-ELYSEES** (rich crimson, fragrant, vigorous). **JOSEPHINE BRUCE** (rich, deep crimson semi-double, very free-flowering, fragrant). **ROUNDELAY** (vivid red, semi-double, fragrant).	**GRANDMERE JENNY** (yellow flushed with pink, good shape, fragrant). **FRED HOWARD** (rich yellow flushed with pink). **MME. A. MEILLAND or PEACE** (yellow, edged pink, double fragrant). **SPEK'S YELLOW** (deep yellow, attractive shape, freely produced, fragrant). **SUTTER'S GOLD** (yellow, shaded pink, semi-double, fragrant). **McGREDY'S SUNSET** (yellow shading to scarlet, semi-double, fragrant).	**VIRGO** (pure white, semi-double, good shape, fragrant). **WHITE ENSIGN** (white with cream centre, double, free flowering, slightly fragrant). **MESSAGE** (double, long-pointed, vigorous, sometimes difficult to establish).	**KORDES PERFECTA** (ivory flushed with carmine, large full flowers, fragrant). **QUEEN ELIZABETH** (soft pink, large semi-double, free-flowering, vigorous). **MICHELE MEILLAND** (pink shaded lilac, shapely flowers, freely produced). **FIRST LOVE** (soft pink, semi-double, long buds, fragrant, almost thornless). **PICTURE** (rose pink, semi-double, fragrant). **TIFFANY** (deep pink with yellow base, large, fragrant, free-flowering).
HYBRID POLYANTHA OR FLORIBUNDA ROSES	**LILLI MARLENE** (rich crimson, semi-double). **DICKSON'S FLAME** (brilliant scarlet, free-flowering). **ORANGE TRIUMPH** (salmon red, semi-double).	**SPARTAN** (orange, double, fragrant). **SWEET REPOSE** (gold and pink, deepening when fully open). **GOLD CUP** (strong yellow, free-flowering).	**ICEBERG or SCHNEEWITCHEN** (white, double). **N.B. For flowers with several tones: CIRCUS (red, yellow, orange, and pink tones) and MASQUERADE (buds of separate colors in yellow, orange, and red).**	**MA PERKINS** (pearly pink double, fragrant). **VOGUE** (salmon pink, semi-double). **DEAREST** (rosy salmon, fragrant).
CLIMBERS	**CLIMBING CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** (dark crimson, double, fragrant). **PAUL'S SCARLET CLIMBER** (vivid scarlet, semi-double). **BLACK BOY** (deep crimson, semi-double).	**CLIMBING MME. A. MEILLAND or PEACE** (yellow edged with pink, fragrant, vigorous). **CLIMBING McGREDY'S YELLOW** (buttercup yellow, semi-double, vigorous).	**CLIMBING MRS. H. STEVENS** (white, semi-double, vigorous).	**CLIMBING LORRAINE LEE** (deep rose pink shaded apricot, fragrant, vigorous). **CLIMBING QUEEN ELIZABETH** (pink, semi-double, vigorous).

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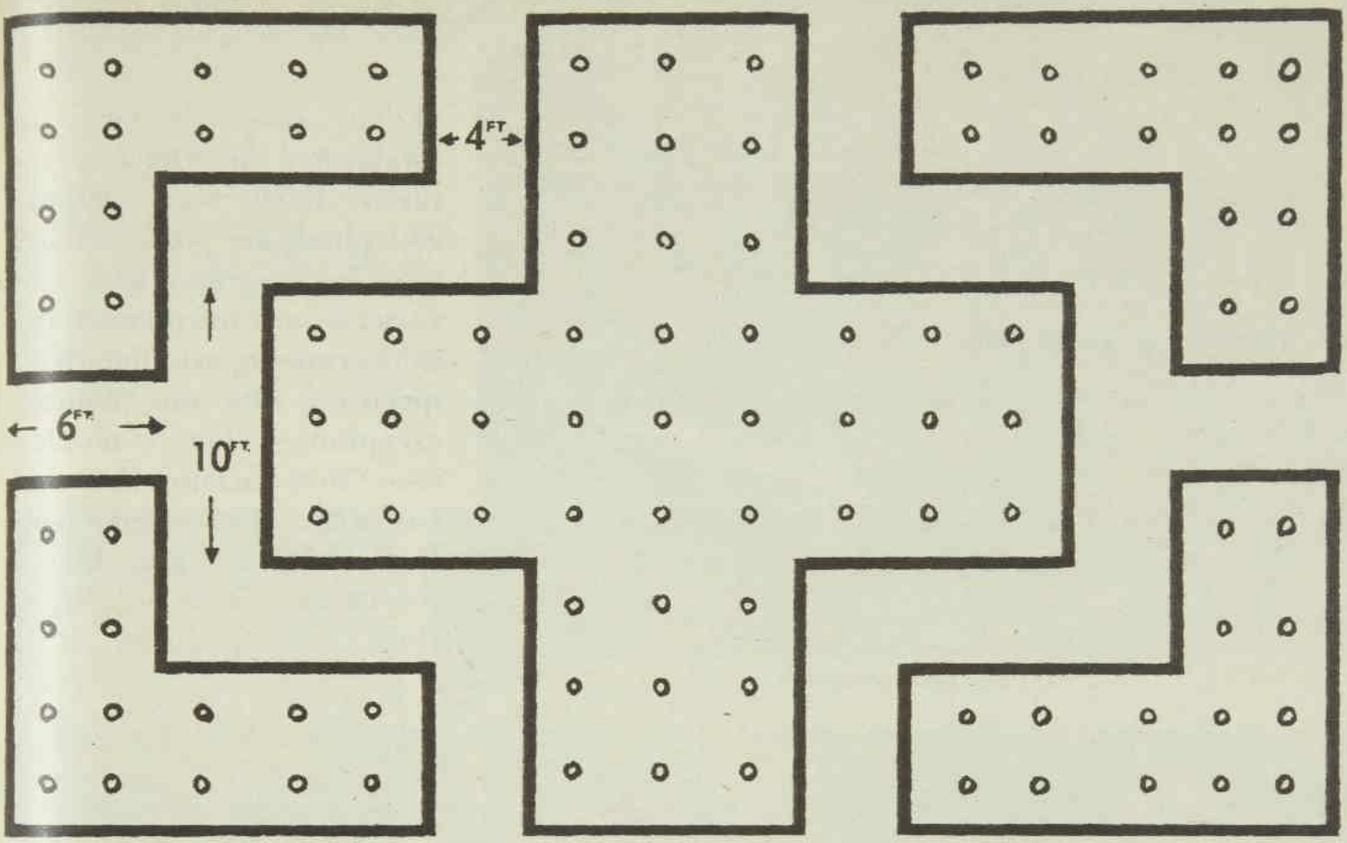
LAYOUT FOR A GARDEN 50ft. x 30ft.

(Scale could be reduced for smaller garden)



CORNER BEDS: Use one variety in each corner setting for best display.

CENTRE BED: This could be planted with one variety or five different ones.

Planning a rose garden

● Roses need an open, sunny position, and resent too much shade from buildings, fences, or trees.

THEY cannot be expected to thrive in situations where there is heavy competition with roots from shrubs or trees.

A good, fairly heavy loam is usually regarded as the most suitable soil, but roses can be grown successfully on a wide range of soils, provided suitable fertilisers and manures are applied correctly.

Very heavy soils are improved by the addition of organic matter or coarse sand, while very sandy soils require the addition of organic material such as well-rotted animal manure or compost.

Good drainage is essential, as roses, like many plants, will not tolerate wet feet.

Very acid soils are improved by an application of dolomite at the rate of 1¼lb. per square yard in clay and ½lb. in sandy soils.

Roses prefer their own company and are best massed or grown in beds by themselves, where they do better, are more easily maintained, and are more attractive in the general garden design.

However, if desired, they can be grown singly or used as specimens in lawns, in which case the larger varieties such as Montezuma, Queen Elizabeth, and Texas Centennial are the most suitable.

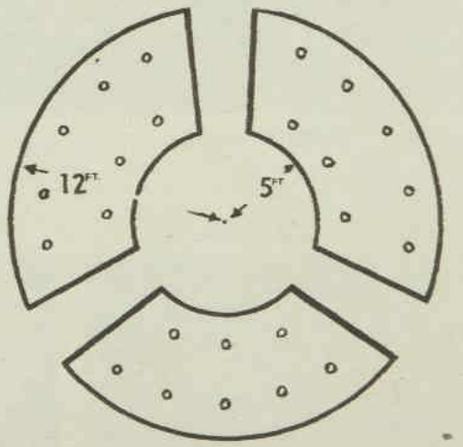
Spectacular

Weeping standards are particularly effective as specimen plants. Rambler varieties are budded on to tall standards, and when fully grown the canes reach down to the ground, making a magnificent picture when in full bloom.

A section of the garden devoted entirely to roses, however, is the most satisfactory way of growing them.

The size and layout will depend on the ground available and on individual taste, but there are several basic considerations:

- It is best to use varieties of approximately the same height in one bed, otherwise the appearance is distracting.
- Harmony in colors should be kept in mind. Varieties with darker tones should be placed in the background, lighter tones to the fore.
- Beds should not be too wide, as it should be possible to tend the plants from paths or lawns without unduly trampling on the soil. Usually two rows of plants are sufficient for each bed.
- It is a sound idea to vary the appearance of the rose garden by introducing some other types, such as standards, weeping standards, and climbers.
- Pergolas or archways, correctly placed, can effectively add to the appearance.



CIRCULAR GARDEN

ROSE BEDS can be arranged in a circle round a central feature, such as a sundial or birdbath. Each bed should be planted with one variety only.

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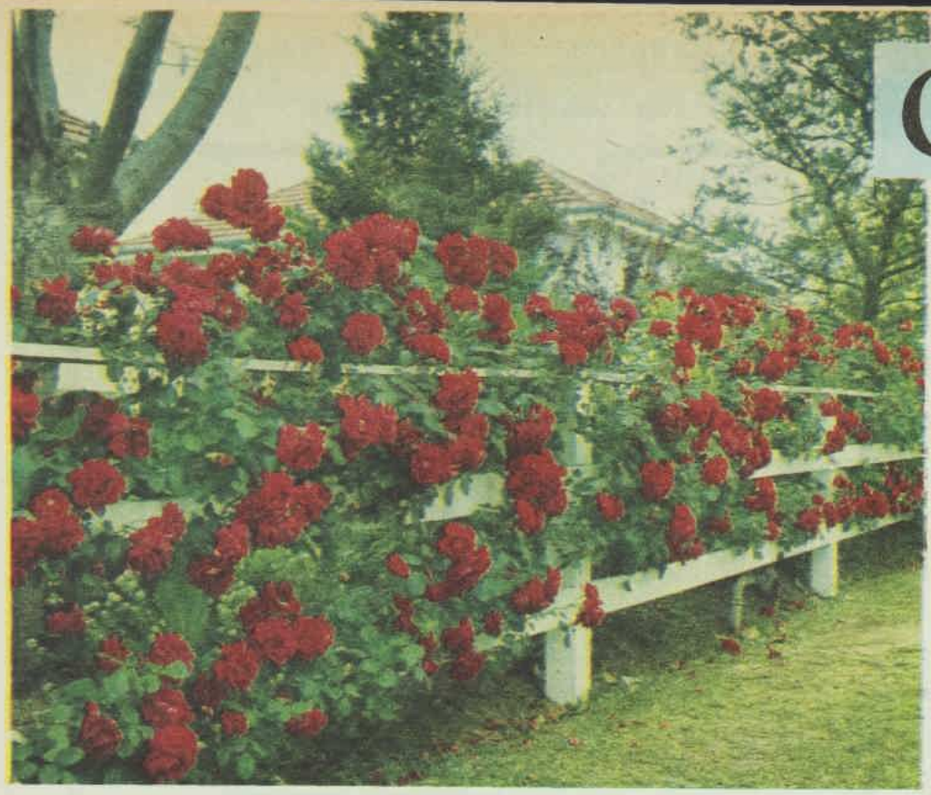
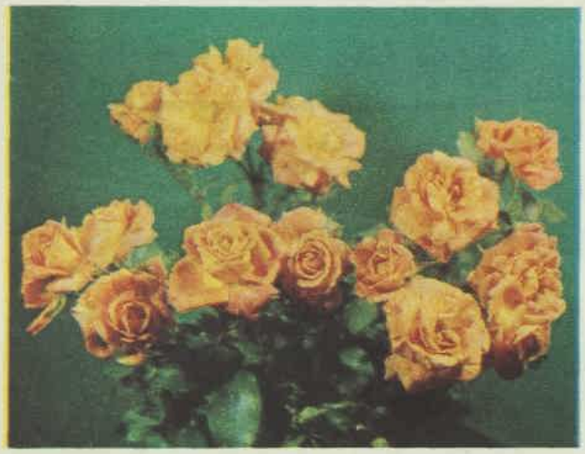
Old and



PAUL'S SCARLET CLIMBER

● The rose has been an established favorite for centuries. Each year 2,000,000 rose plants are produced and sold in Australia and new varieties are introduced, the colors ranging over the whole spectrum with one notable exception — there is no blue rose. New varieties this year include the salmon-pink Dawn Mist and highly perfumed Candy Stripe. Both are pictured here.



WOBURN ABBEY

TONNERE

SEA PEARL

SCARLET ELIZABETH

CLIMBING PEACE

HAWAII

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new favorites

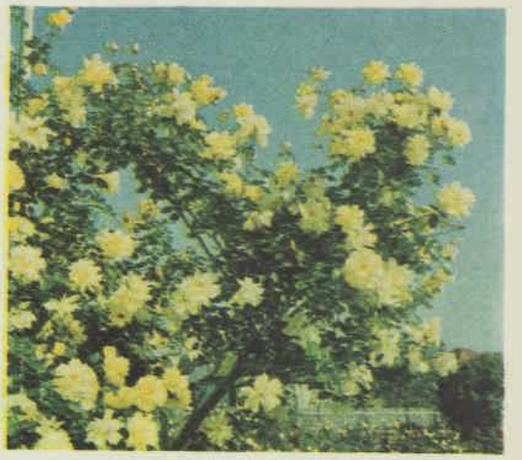
CRI CRI

DAWN MIST

PASCALI

CANDY STRIPE

ORANGEADE



GOLDEN SHOWERS

ROUNDELAY

GARDEN PARTY

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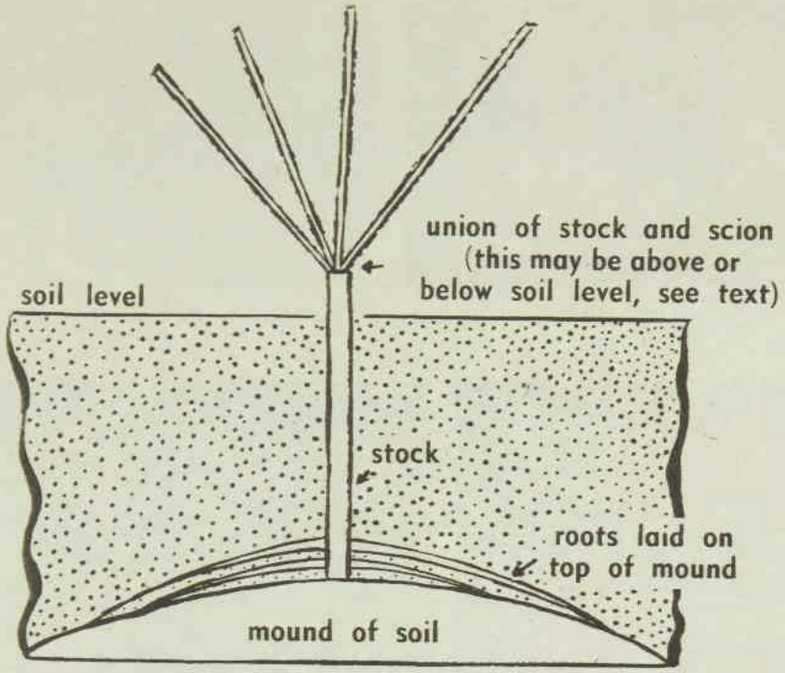
Preparation and planting

● One of the common mistakes made in rose growing is last-minute soil preparation or no real preparation at all.



METHOD OF PLANTING

THERE is some argument over the depth of digging or trenching required. Some growers contend that 10in. is deep enough, others insist that deep trenching over the whole area is necessary. Certainly trenching or deep digging is a laborious task, but in most cases it pays dividends.

Heavy soils or very light ones require more preparation than others.

Sandy soils benefit by trenching and incorporating a moisture-retaining layer of heavy loam at the bottom and some well-rotted manure in the topsoil.

Heavy soils require preparation to a depth of 15 to 18in., preferably with the addition of manure or compost.

Garden soil of medium texture in a reasonable state of fertility needs little preparation, but before ordering plants make sure the ground is ready to receive them.

Order new rose bushes early, as nurserymen may exhaust their stock, not only of the less common varieties but of those for which there is a sudden popular demand. May to July are the usual months for planting in temperate areas, but in cold districts July, August, or even September, are better times.

When to plant

Early planting means that the roses may not be sufficiently dormant and are going into soil which is becoming colder. Late June or early July seems to be the best choice for planting in most districts.

If the plants have come straight from the nursery they can be planted immediately, but if there has been some delay they should be completely submerged in water overnight or soaked for 24 hours.

If you cannot plant immediately cover the roots with soil in a shallow trench and keep moist until required, or cover with a wet bag.

Carry the plants to the site in a bucket of water, as on no account should the roots be allowed to dry out.

If a number of plants have been received from the nurseryman, be careful when separating the individual plants. Any ties should be cut and the plants disentangled to avoid damage to the buds and roots.

Before planting, examine the plants and cut off damaged roots with sharp secateurs or a knife. Roots may have been damaged in transit or not cut cleanly in the nursery.

The hole

It is usually not necessary to touch the top growth, as this has been attended to by the nurseryman. If unpruned, the growth should be cut back to buds, which will produce new growth in the required direction.

Holes should be made in the prepared soil big enough to accommodate the roots without any cramping. Usually a hole about 8in. deep and 12-15in. wide is sufficient, the depth varying with the length of the stock (which should not exceed 6in.).

How to plant

Follow this procedure:

1. Make a dome-shaped mound of soil about 2in. high in the bottom of the hole.

2. Place the plant with the roots resting on this mound, spreading them evenly over the surface in downward- and outward-pointing positions, making sure that they are not twisted, tangled, or bent back at the ends.

3. Cover the roots with soil, pressing it firmly down. Hand pressure is usually sufficient, although many use a gentle application of the foot. If the roots come away from the stock at different levels, keep them in position by adding layers of soil between the levels.

4. Leave 1-2in. at the top and fill with water, allowing to drain. Then add soil to bring to ground level. A shallow saucer left at the surface assists in watering.

Some growers recommend high planting, with the union of scion and stock about ½-1in. above ground level; others advocate low planting, with the union below ground level.

In temperate districts it seems that high planting is the better method, but in hot, dry, or very cold areas low planting should be adopted.

Rows should be spaced about 3ft. apart for ordinary varieties, but vigorous ones require more space, in some cases up to 6ft.

They should be placed at least 18in. from the edges of beds.

Keep your rose plants healthy

● The main requirements of roses are cultivation, mulching, watering, and manuring.

REGULAR cultivation to keep down weeds and to maintain the surface soil in good physical condition is necessary, but deep cultivation can do harm by damaging the roots.

Although roses can survive dry periods they need watering for best results and for the production of good-quality blooms over a long period.

Watering

A good soaking is far better than light sprinkling at frequent intervals.

Water at ground level — overhead watering can disfigure the blooms and may create ideal conditions for diseases, such as black spot and mildew.

There are three ways of watering the plants without wetting the foliage:

- Miniature irrigation channels can be made in the soil.
- Porous plastic hoses, known as soaking hoses, can be laid between the plants.
- A bag can be tied to the end of the hose, which is shifted regularly until the whole bed is deeply watered.

Mulching

Mulching is essential to reduce evaporation of moisture, maintain cooler temperatures, reduce weed growth, and prevent caking of the surface soil.

Well-rotted animal manure, gravel, lawn clippings, straw, leaves, tan bark, sawdust, spent hops, or seaweed are all suitable for mulching.

Mulches may use up nitrogen in their decomposition, so it is best to add a little nitrogenous fertiliser to make up the deficiency.

Manuring

Roses need feeding to be kept in first-class condition. Well-rotted cow manure is the best of all, but artificial fertilisers give satisfactory results if applied correctly. There are commercial fertilisers specially mixed for roses.

Fertilisers should be applied when the plants become unthrifty or the leaves show mottling or a yellowish-green color. Don't overdo it — roses do not need heavy boosts of fertilisers.

Briar suckers

During the first summer or autumn after planting, briar suckers may appear from below the union of the budded rose. These come from the stem or roots of the stock and should be cut right back to the stem.

Briar suckers are usually different in appearance to the main growth, but to make sure trace the suckers back to their origin. If they come from below the budding, they are briar suckers.

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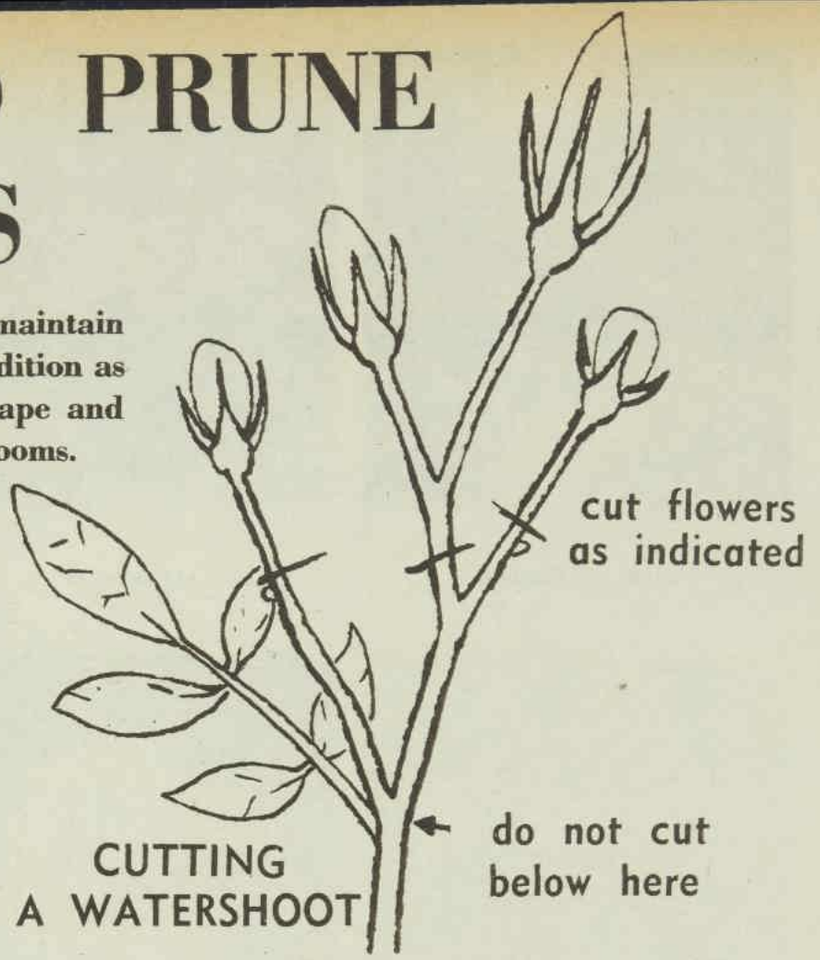
HOW TO PRUNE ROSES

● Roses need pruning to maintain the plants in a healthy condition as well as to control their shape and produce good-quality blooms.



CUTTING A WATERSHOOT

JUNE and July are the best months for pruning bush roses in temperate areas — preferably early July. In cool districts pruning should not be done until August, and in very cold districts delay pruning until the worst of the winter is over.

Climbing roses should be pruned immediately after the spring flush of flowers.

Pruning roses can become an absorbing interest. Observation and experience, backed by a knowledge of a few basic principles, are the main requirements for successful pruning.

Here is a simplified guide:

1. Use the proper tools — good, sharp secateurs, a narrow-blade saw for heavy growth, and gloves.

2. Cut out all dead or dying, diseased, or spindly growth. Crossing or rubbing branches should be removed or shortened back to a suitably placed bud.

3. Any cutting back should be made to an eye or bud. These eyes grow at the junction of the leaf with the stem and later give rise to flowering stems. They are usually plump enough at pruning-time to be easily recognised.

The **cut is most important. It should always be made about ⅛in. above the eye and cut in a slanting fashion, with the slant passing downwards to the side of the stem opposite to the eye.**

4. Make sure that the cutting blade of the secateurs and not the heel is closest to the section being retained, so that any bruising will be on the part removed.

5. Study the plant and decide on the canes to be retained. Remember that you are aiming at a good framework for future growth. The bush should be kept reasonably open, so too dense central growth should be removed. Take care, however, to leave enough foliage to protect the inner canes from sunburn. Where possible leave the canes regularly spaced to allow free access of air and light.

Select the most vigorous growth for retention. Strong growths should not be cut back unless they have one or more good eyes to cut to for lateral growth. The tops, however, can be reduced a little.

6. Cuts are always made with the eye pointing in the direction which the new growth should take. In most cases this will be outwards, but in some wide-growing varieties, inward-pointing buds can be left. Aim at a well-balanced plant.

7. Having selected strong, healthy canes for retention, decide how hard to cut back. Years ago most gardeners cut back hard and this is still necessary in really cold climates. In more temperate districts, however, light pruning is now favored. This makes for bigger plants, more blooms, and better protection of the foliage from hot sun. The quality of the flowers does not suffer.

The degree of pruning will depend on the variety grown, but in Hybrid Teas, which constitute most of the bush roses grown, the main stems can be reduced by about one third and vigorous laterals to several healthy buds. Weaker laterals are cut back to two or three buds or eyes.

Standards and Floribundas are pruned the same way as Hybrid Teas, but Polyanthas should be cut back very hard.

Climbing roses are pruned by removing dead or very weak wood and overcrowded growth. Old canes bearing weak growth should be removed or cut back to healthy young lateral growth. Be careful not to leave the base bare. Young growth can be trained to provide cover, or the older canes from the base can be shortened back.

Rambler roses are pruned in the same way as climbers. They produce flowers on the previous season's growth, and most growth that has previously flowered, if to be removed, is cut at ground level.

8. Water shoots are quick-growing sappy canes which come from the base of the plant and are most important as they can be used for the future framework of the plant. Usually they bear a cluster of flowers at the top but are without laterals.

It is most important in such cases to prune only the top portion and to leave eyes for future growth. Don't cut back to the main stem, and if in doubt remove only the seed-pods. Only badly placed water shoots or soft ones produced late in autumn should be removed.

9. When cutting flowers or removing spent blooms, cut back to an eye which will develop in the required direction (see diagram below). Summer trimming, cutting the stems lightly back to a plump bud pointing outwards, promotes a good flush of flowers in autumn.

10. Burn all prunings — they can be a source of disease.

The Harry Wheatcroft Book of Roses

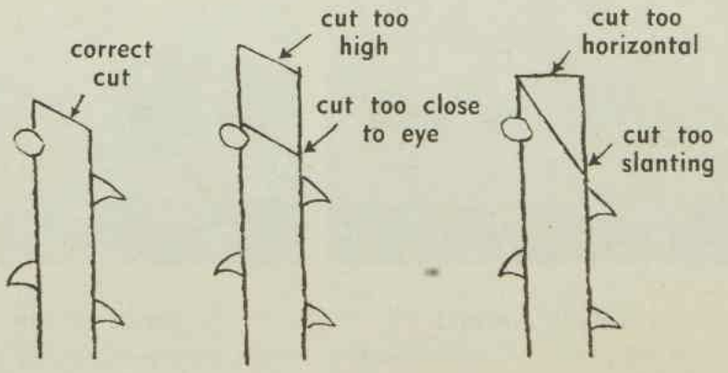
● Twenty-eight glorious roses bloom from the pages of *The Harry Wheatcroft Book of Roses*, dedicated to rose lovers in Australia by author Harry Wheatcroft, a world-famous rosarian.

AMONG its color illustrations are recently introduced varieties from the author's English nursery. They include Cologne Carnival, Pascali, and Fragrant Cloud, "perhaps the greatest rose produced so far."

● *The Harry Wheatcroft Book of Roses*, Frederick Muller Ltd., 21/-.

During his recent visit to Australia, Mr. Wheatcroft made a television series which is being shown this week on TCN9 in Sydney, GTV9 in Melbourne, QTQ9 in Brisbane, TVW7 in Perth, NBN3 in Newcastle, and TNT9 in Launceston. It will be shown later on TVT6 in Hobart.

THE CORRECT WAY TO CUT



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DIAMOND JUBILEE

SUPER STAR

VIRGO

MONTEZUMA

BUCCANEER

CRIMSON GLORY

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

SPEK'S YELLOW

CHRISTIAN DIOR

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THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

Continued from page 34

Sullivan and had remained a lifelong admirer of the operas.

More exuberant and every inch the star was Marion Davies, the snub-nosed and freckled flapper of the films, who was greeted shrilly by scores of friends and hangers-on who had either visited newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst's baronial American home, San Simeon, or hoped to do so.

Looking rather like a strawberry ice, she laughed, pouted, and made wisecracks in her fetching stammer while downing champagne from a beer tankard.

Nobody doubted her affection for Hearst, but she was obviously enjoying a holiday from that forbidding dictator who never permitted his guests more than one cocktail before dinner and always had paper napkins on the table. Throughout her stay she was pelted with kisses, autograph albums, and begging letters.

Sophie Tucker presided in a beaded frock with four huge mauve orchids on the shoulder after her triumph at the Palladium.

John McCormack would be roaring with laughter. The Irish Caruso had a prodigious thirst. On being asked by someone what he was drinking, he put a finger on his lips and said dreamily, "Mumm's the word."

He would keep the wine waiters on the move as he emptied bottle after bottle before walking out, still amazingly erect and steady, to the waiting Rolls-Royce, which he changed every year.

There seemed no end to the parties for first nights, birthdays, and long-running play anniversaries.

Rivalling Cochran's entourage was the table over which film producer Alexander Korda presided with such wistful charm. There was no more generous or fascinating host. From making inexpensive "quickie" films, he had graduated to a suite at Claridge's, a Rolls-Royce, a knighthood, and a yacht at Antibes, although often on a financial see-saw in between.

Weakness for matchmaking

During the 'thirties, his London Films dominated the industry. He teamed Dietrich with Robert Donat, and helped Charles Laughton and Leslie Howard, among many more, to become international stars. Looking around the grill-room with the casual majesty of a sleepy lion, he greeted many of his beautiful discoveries whom he had affectionately nicknamed "Korda's Follies."

It was fascinating to glimpse him with Winston Churchill through a rich cloud of cigar smoke while they discussed the film rights of *The Life of Marlborough* or a scenario to be based on the reign of King George V.

Like so many of Korda's grandiose projects, neither of these reached the screen, but Churchill always warmed to this civilised and cultured dreamer without ever suspending judgment.

"Korda would make a wonderful Prime Minister of Hungary," he once chuckled, adding thoughtfully, "if he had Rockefeller for his Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Korda had a continental weakness for matchmaking, in his case allied to a flair for casting. He always claimed to have played Cupid to Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

It was fitting, perhaps, that Arnold Bennett's admirable documentary novel, *Imperial Palace*, should have rung down the curtain on the 1920s when the Savoy enjoyed such prosperity before a troubled decade.

Bennett, who once confessed that his early ambition had been to manage a grand hotel, spent many months of research at the Savoy, cross-examining the staff and touring every department.

He dedicated his novel to George Reeves-Smith, "from one of the warmest of his admirers." Later, when Bennett's papers came up for auction, Reeves-Smith paid £200 for the original manuscript, now deposited with the hotel's private treasures.

Restaurant and Grill have long had separate staffs and kitchens. Each maintains its own corps of waiters, but with an identical approach to service.

The head waiter ushers the guest to his table; a waiter slides his chair, another places the pink napkin on his knee, a third unveils the menu, a fourth makes ready to serve the meal, while the wine waiter gives his benediction to the guest's choice or, discreetly, offers advice.

The whole overture is brief and played with fingertip delicacy, the product of hard training and discipline. The Savoy's managers and head waiters might not have gone quite so far in their pursuit of perfection, but each would have understood and sympathised with the Fratellini sire who broke the legs of one of his sons to make him walk more convincingly like a clown.

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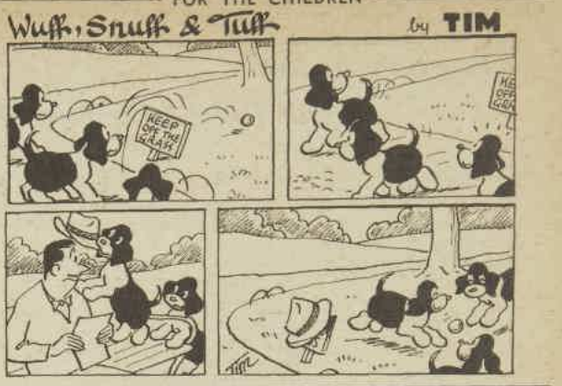
FOR THE CHILDREN



Snow sports, Navacerrada. The Alhambra, Granada.

Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, tomb of St. James, patron saint of Spain.

SEE

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THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

Continued from page 35

The board was soon confronted with Wall Street's collapse. Industries crumbled; sterling teetered; and unemployment was spreading like a malignant cancer.

With rising costs and the effects of a world depression, the Savoy shareholders had to swallow some bitter medicine. From £99,000 in 1930, the net profits slumped to a bare £10,000 in two years.

The vast reconstruction programme had been completed in 1929, otherwise the trade slump might have made it more difficult and much costlier, and the coming of war would have shelved it indefinitely.

But business began to pick up, at first nervously and then in a crescendo. Otto Kahn and other millionaires rented grouse moors, the familiar carousel of Ascot, Henley, Goodwood, and Cowes accelerated, and the season had its peak in the wedding of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina.

At a luncheon in the hotel, the Marquis de Polignac was happy to report that 720,000 bottles of champagne had been drunk in England during the first three months of 1934.

Gossip writers snuffed the rich pastures of restaurant and grill-room. Douglas Fairbanks, sen., was bunkered by autograph albums as he fought his way to lunch with Glenda Collett and the American women golfers. His son was easily the best-dressed man in the room and made an electrifying entrance with his bride, Joan Crawford.

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, on their first visit to England, were the centre of a crowd of friends, including the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and Adele Astaire, Lady Charles Cavendish, Fred Astaire's sister.

Hollywood and Broadway were back in force. In his suite Stan Laurel entertained his father and mother at a riotous party with his partner, Oliver Hardy, acting as the least Jeeves-like butler in town. It was also a sentimental home-coming for big Victor McLaglen, reunited with his four brothers, whom he bear-hugged and wrestled with in his luxury suite until 4 a.m.

Cary Grant played hide-and-seek, as usual, with society hostesses; and Josephine Baker was inconsolable at having to leave her menagerie at home in Paris.

Jerome Kern and his wife occupied the adjoining suite to the Oscar Hammersteins and moved back and forth for conferences on their Drury Lane musical *Three Sisters*, which they hoped would be another *Show Boat*. It ran for only two months.

In the restaurant, the Prince of Wales kept Geraldo busy with encores for the tango while Lady Astor applauded him between glasses of ginger beer.

Across the room, Hedda Hopper, the Hollywood columnist, had to acknowledge one of her very rare defeats at the hands of a maitre d'hotel. She had sailed into dinner wearing one of her famous hats, which would have delighted the grill, but, alas, could not be tolerated in the restaurant. She made a perfect exit rather than submit.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, jun., with his first grandson, Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Weston, in 1961. In the 'thirties, the actor was the best-dressed man at the Savoy.

Every night, as in the heady days of the 'twenties, there was a banquet of some kind graced by the best after-dinner speakers of the day.

At one dinner in his honor, Einstein was naively asked if he believed his theory of relativity to be correct.

"There is no knowing until I am dead," he replied solemnly. "If I am right, the Germans will say I am a German, and the French that I am a Jew. If I am wrong, the French will say I am a German, and the Germans that I am a Jew."

Adolf Hitler was only one of many irritations during the see-saw 'thirties which marked the birth of Nazi Germany, a militant Mussolini, the nightmare of the Spanish Civil War, and three million unemployed in Britain.

Cary Grant dodged society hostesses

While hunger-marchers paraded, society women took enthusiastically to the new craze for face-lifting and diets. The Eton crops had gone, and with them, somehow, the gaiety of a feverish decade.

To offset the new taste for flat-dwelling, the hotel had to offer superior service, food, and accommodation. With the closing of so many town houses through heavy taxation and a servant shortage, there was now more restaurant and private party entertaining, particularly for weddings and anniversaries, and the banqueting department was flourishing.

In the mid-'thirties, scores of the Savoy's bedrooms, sitting-rooms, and bathrooms were modernised and every window replaced by sound-proof casements. Fresh-washed air streamed through the hotel and no American critic could fault the air-conditioning, the lifts, or the lighting.

The grill-room was relit and redecorated. The Silver Rooms with their tureens, candelabra, and cutlery were minutely inspected for the smallest flaws and the latest machinery installed, including an apparatus which applied a fine burnish to cutlery after it had been washed in a lathery dish full of ball bearings.

In restaurant and grill-room, there was a diminishing sense of crisis, although some Americans prophesied doom if Roosevelt remained in the White House.

King George V's celebration of his silver jubilee on a sparkling day in May seemed an augury for a carefree summer season.

Some occasions were less social. Negley Farson then London correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*, recalls being summoned to the Savoy by his boss, Colonel Frank Knox, later U.S. Secretary of the Navy. Knox was in London for the World Economic Conference and apparently thought that Farson's reports were too uncritically pro-British.

He began a long lecture which must have been unconsciously funny since he was simultaneously doing violent physical jerks in his underwear.

Farson tried to listen but failed. He threw up his job, rushed off to Yugoslavia and wrote his best-selling autobiography, *The Way of a Transgressor*. Years later, whenever he stayed at the Savoy or perched in the American Bar, he would suddenly burst into roars of laughter. The Colonel's ghost in B.V.D.s was always too much for him.

Within a few weeks of the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, King George V died. Six months' court mourning automatically cancelled a long list of dinners, banquets, and celebrations.

Soon London was buzzing with American newspaper reports of the Prince of Wales's friendship with a Mrs. Ernest Simpson.

The shock of the abdication was gradually absorbed by preparations for the coronation of King George VI. Soon the Savoy resaurant was transformed into a huge tent, and guests parted draperies of blue and gold silk to see a representation of the Thames, with the Royal barge

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SCHOOL for MANNERS

The wife of Prince Philip's former secretary teaches in her London home: *How to be at social ease—anywhere*

● Mrs. Michael Parker, wife of Prince Philip's former private secretary, runs a finishing school in her London home, where not only debs but university graduates, young career girls, and married women learn to be so socially at ease that they "get the very best out of life."

● *Mrs. Michael Parker and a pupil in the living-room of the Parkers' London home.*

"GOOD manners will always carry a woman through," says Carol Parker. Her personal tuition shows the pupils how to behave, whether with tycoons of industry, the boss, the hostess at a deb dance or country weekend, or when a hostess is entertaining in her own home or restaurant.

And for the young married woman anxious to help her junior-executive husband to higher things there is very special attention.

"More and more the trend is toward the American custom of interviewing the wife when a young executive is up for appointment," she said.

"We already have it in politics in England — the wives of Tory candidates are on the platform with their husbands when they are up for selection.

"Big managements are very aware of social shortcomings in wives.

"And in these days of much younger marriages a girl probably has not had the time, nor thought far ahead enough, to learn something of the social niceties that will smooth life for her and help her husband.

"So they come to my classes.

"Again, there are the university girls who find themselves in top-line jobs with little or no knowledge of social behaviour off the campus.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

"They may be consultants in industry or out in the world of big business, in legal, scientific, or medical circles, taking part in important meetings or going as delegates.

"It is of the utmost importance that they know how to organise themselves socially so it's no strain.

"Tycoons have a social code which is just as rigid as any college don's or Foreign Office circle.

"For instance, introductions: They are the same in an office as in social life. Men are introduced to women — except when a new woman employee is being introduced to the boss.

"At business conferences, which are so frequent these days, also social occasions, a young woman often has to introduce herself.

"This can be done without embarrassment by joining a group, who are chatting easily, and saying: 'May I introduce myself? I'm rather at a loss, as I can't find my hostess.' Then give your name. But don't look lost. And don't butt in on two or three people obviously absorbed in conversation.

"Your nice approach will compel people to make you feel welcome. Someone will probably find the hostess for you.

"Good manners also mean that if you see someone looking lost and you are in the swim, introduce yourself with a warm smile, saying: 'I am . . . (no prefix Miss or Mrs.). Do come and meet (having at hand one of the more important people at the party, not the bore you are trying to get rid of) and do tell me your name.'

"If it is a man it is a shade more difficult, so bring him into a group."

Some of Mrs. Parker's pupils are young secretaries who have joined the lunch-hour classes.

"A number of quite big firms are asking if they may pay for girls on the staff to be groomed for more important jobs," she told me.

And these girls, together with the young-executive type, she takes through the finer points of business etiquette.

"Imagine the flap a young career girl could get into if she were asked to take some of the boss's more important clients to lunch. Or the anxiety a young businesswoman might feel giving her first luncheon. She would never get down to business for worrying.

"Knowing the right thing to do at the right time makes life so much easier."

So whether it is a business lunch or you are taking your bank manager out for a meal to ask his advice, don't have any fuss about the bill.

"Ask the head waiter to see that you are presented with the bill as you go to the cloakroom after lunch. Don't receive it at the table. You can arrange this on the telephone when booking the table if you are known. Or see the head waiter while waiting for your guests to arrive.

"When ordering, suggest various dishes to your guests to give them a lead on how lavish the luncheon is to be.

"If you are a guest don't pick on the most expensive item on the menu, such as caviar, unless your host or hostess gives you a lead in this direction.

"And what is often not known these days, yet most important, guests should indicate their choice to the host or hostess, not to the waiter who will be hovering around.

"KNOWING the right thing to do at the right time makes life so much easier."

"The host or hostess then orders and calls for the wine waiter."

With the deb season in full swing, the first full course at Mrs. Parker's school is quite booked out.

And the curriculum is wide.

It covers dress and dress sense, since she believes good dressing is essentially a part of being completely at ease and so able to enjoy the social life.

There are visits to couturiers, to wholesale houses where the inexpensive copies of Paris models are made, peeps behind the scenes as well as fashion parades. "It all helps to get your eye in on the fashion scene and fine down your taste," she says.

A well-dressed and perfectly groomed young woman herself, Carol Parker drills good grooming into her young pupils.

"I tell them when they arrive that I'm not against kinky boots, which so many of them wear, but I'm dead against dirty kinky boots, which far too many of them are."

Hairdressing and skin care are important on the school's curriculum.

The girls not only learn how to do their own hair, but they can get special rates at two West End hairdressers.

Hair problems, too, are coped with, right down to the causes and cure of dandruff.

"Young girls may be shy of the doctor, but they are not frightened of me," said Carol. "So most of the problems of young girls are fully thrashed out in class.

"I don't claim to be expert in everything, but I do claim to have on my staff people who are experts on their own subjects."

Mrs. Parker, 29 years old, with a baby daughter, Kate, said she finds that young girls will listen to a person nearer their own age.

"I didn't listen much to what my mother had to say. To spurn advice from one's own family seems to be in the nature of things."

So, as with hair, a specialist deals with all the problems of being beautiful, such as acne and greasy skin. A beautician teaches make-up and skin care.

Because Carol Parker believes it is easier to teach people the basic rules of gracious living when surrounded by the problems of a real home, she holds her classes in hers.

"I don't think good manners or social etiquette can

Continued overleaf

● *Mrs. Parker illustrates a lesson in setting a table.*
Pictures by David Graves

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From page 37

SCHOOL for

be taught in a classroom," she says, "and they cannot be learned from a book, though you can get a grounding in them by reading.

"For instance, if I wish to teach a gauche girl how to farewell a visitor it is necessary for me to show her just how to precede her guest to the door, how to open it so that neither is in the way of a graceful exit, and how to stand back and shake hands without being clumsy.

"A good exit is just as important as a good entrance.

"It means getting yourself organised before you go to the door."

Her advice applies equally to the welcome given a guest.

"Don't have a handbag, a glass, or a cigarette in your hand. Otherwise you cannot open the door and shake hands to welcome your guest. Neither can you open the door, stand back, and shake hands with your guest on departure.

"Think, as you buy your clothes and accessories: will they be practical in your own home when entertaining?"

And for the guest she says, "Don't make life any harder with such accessories as clutch bags for cocktail parties. They are an added complication.

"A bag you can sling over your arm, and a stole that does not have to be clutched around you gives you two free hands for the formal handshakes, for glasses, cigarette, and canape."

It is just practice, she says. Difficult gestures soon become easy. Then all her pupils have to do is go out and enjoy themselves.

She teaches them how to walk gracefully and with an air.

"Tuck in your tail, throw back your shoulders," she commands. "You can't make the most of yourself if your bottom is sticking out and wiggling."

Advice on diet

She keeps them practising sitting on the sofa so that skirts are smooth and don't ride up over the knees, and rising gracefully so that nobody feels the need to rush forward to give a helping hand.

Deportment brings her to dietetics. Her down-to-earth staff believe the overweight must be re-educated in good eating habits.

So a high-protein diet is encouraged, and when the pupils taking it have reached their proper weight the fat-forming foods are put back into the diet one at a time for three days while the scales are watched carefully. In this way it is possible to stabilise weight by finding out what puts it on.

The dietician is from Harley Street.

But Carol Parker cautions her pupils not to ram their diets down everyone else's throat.

She adds the qualification: "It is quite good manners to talk about the food one is enjoying. In fact, today it would almost be bad manners not to make some nice remark about a dish one's hostess has taken trouble to serve, or to order."

PUPIL at Carol Parker's school watches her demonstrate laying a table for dinner.

There has been such a rapid change in manners since many of her pupils were cautioned in their childhood on what to do or say, and what not to do or say, that it is one of the reasons her new school is filling a want.

Of conversation she says: "This is really the art of being a good listener and interested in other people. It is far easier to get other people to talk than to be an expert on Etruscan amphoras yourself.

"It can be good manners to talk shop when the guests at a party have their work in common. Then it is interesting.

"But it is bad manners to have a heavy discussion on new roses, rock drills, or racing when the outsiders are neither gardeners, road-makers, nor sporting people.

"It is socially quite okay these days to make some pleasant personal remark, but it is just as bad-mannered today as it always was to put anyone ill at ease with a remark such as, 'What have you been doing to your hair?'

"Whatever you talk about, don't let there be too much talk about your children, the servant problem, chair covers, or how the washing-machine flooded.

"Men don't like it," says Mrs. Parker.

On introducing people, she says the correct way is to introduce a man to a woman, a non-titled person to a titled person, a younger person to an older person.

"The easiest way to do it is to grab Miss Fitz by the hand and say, 'Lord Blah, I don't believe you and Miss Fitz have met. Miss Fitz, this is Lord Blah,' and then leave them to it."

But when the meetings are professional rather than social, manners are moving with the times and television having a good deal of influence. So the use of christian and surnames without a prefix is also correct.

Thus the introductions would be something like this: "Hardy Amies, have you met Peter Sellers yet? Peter Sellers, this is Hardy Amies, who is one of the team (or whatever the occasion for the meeting is)." That is because they are professionals and known by their professional names.

"Do listen to people's names when they are introduced," says Mrs. Parker. "Many of us have known people for two or three years and never dared to ask their names again. If the person who introduces mumbles, ask, and ask right away.

"Two years later is too late."

At dances Mrs. Parker gives this tip for the debs: "If you are asked to dance and don't want to, the easiest way out is to smile sweetly and say, 'No, thank you, I've just got a drink.'

"After dancing with someone, say thank you.

"And if you want to shake your partner off, go and join a group of people and pray that another man will ask you to dance."

She also advises: "Don't telephone that gorgeous man you met last night.

"Men are scared to death of being chased, and you have only yourself to blame if he didn't ask for your telephone number."

For dances and balls she says, "Put on the works. Gloves if very formal.

"The most elegant is a simple, fairly straight dress in rich material with very little jewellery. Long hair looks best in a chignon."

Dress, she says, must never be overdone. "If in doubt about what to wear, ask your hostess what she is wearing. She may not tell you the truth, but it's a help."

Dressing for the morning: "Don't wear gloves or a hat to go to the supermarket."

Dressing for a fairly formal lunch: "Keep it simple. Gloves are a must — short in summer, longer in winter."

Tea time: Same as lunch.

Cocktail parties: "The simpler the better. Black is safe but dull. White wool in winter is particularly effective, or a pale wool suit with a lame or printed blouse.

"Hats are seldom worn."

Dinner in someone's house: "Depends on how much they are dressing up, so if in doubt, telephone to

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MANNERS

ask. If it's very grand, a long straight dress is marvellous, but never a very full skirt."

Dinner in a restaurant: "Roughly the same as for a cocktail party, but depending on the restaurant."

On dressing: "Very low-cut dresses are what men like to see on other men's wives and girlfriends. It's more fun to cut the **back** of your dress low."

On saying thank you. "Perhaps the most important social point of all.

"You must write a short letter for a dinner or a dance. A telephone call is all right for cocktail parties or lunches. When in doubt, if you don't know the hostess very well, write, and write immediately."

Invitations should be answered promptly. And she cautions: "Write everything down.

"If you are invited to something that you're not sure about, it's quite safe to say, 'I'm not sure what my husband has arranged for that evening, can I telephone you after he comes home?'"

It is perfectly correct to wear gloves without a hat, but not vice-versa, says Mrs. Parker. "Hats are mostly worn these days only for weddings, church, and royal or very grand occasions.

"Gloves and a hat should be worn when royalty is present, and gloves kept on when shaking hands with royalty." (This custom is said to date from the days of the plague, so that the royal family would not catch it!)

Otherwise the **right glove** should be removed for introductions.

"And by 'removed'," she adds, "I mean take it off before entering the room, not fumbling with it when some poor unfortunate man is standing in front of you with his hand out.

"High heels with trousers are simply not done, unless you can afford the whole Chanel trouser outfit with its chains and sling-back shoes. But the people who have that money to throw around aren't asking any help from me.

"Furs are never worn with summer clothes. If it is too cold to wear a summer dress on its own, then you should wear a suit.

"Never wear long earrings in the daytime. Never smoke with your gloves on.

"Never smoke in the street. Never smoke in between courses during a meal, unless your host or hostess does. (My husband, a cigar smoker, says: 'Never smoke at all.')

"It is not correct to smoke before the toast: The Queen."

When dining, she says, "if in doubt which knife and fork to use for what, start on the outside and work inwards. If still worried, have a bit of toast and wait to see what the others do."

(Carol quotes her husband as saying, "To hell with that —the best weapon for the job!")

Entertaining in your own home, which is what Carol and Michael Parker most enjoy, has important rules.

"Whether it is a picnic or a formal dinner, the first rule is to get a congenial group of people together, and this usually takes some planning."

Some basic rules are: "Make sure you have enough knives, forks, glasses, plates, napkins, etc. You'd be amazed how many don't.

"If you are cooking yourself, don't attempt something very elaborate for the first time. Far better to do something you know."

White wine should be put in the fridge in the afternoon, red wine opened at least two hours before serving. (This really does make a tremendous difference, she instils into her pupils.)

Port should be decanted 24 hours before, and left with a piece of paper in the stopper to allow the fumes to escape. "This also makes a fantastic difference to the taste."

Seating at dinner: "The oldest or most distinguished woman should be put on your husband's right, the second most on his left. Same with the men on your right and left.

"It is considered wrong to put a husband next to his wife, and I've always wondered why. If they haven't seen much of each other all day, they would like to spend a bit of the evening together."

When on country weekends or short visits, Carol says, "It is a good thing to take a small present — flowers, chocolates, a book. And always write and thank, and within 48 hours.

"If in doubt about suitable clothes to take, ask if there are any special activities planned, like sailing, swimming, or a formal dance."

COMMANDER Michael Parker (he was Prince Philip's private secretary for ten years to 1957) with his wife and daughter Kate. He has two children (Michael, 19, and Julie, 15) of an earlier marriage—he was divorced in 1958, married again four years later. His wife is the daughter of Sir Ivo Thomson.

Tip the butler?

On tipping, she says, "When staying away, a good rule is for the husband to tip the butler — £1 minimum for two nights and another 10/- if he has done any pressing or shoe-cleaning. If you are single, you don't tip the butler.

"The woman leaves her tip for the upstairs maid on the dressing-table just before leaving. The minimum is 10/- for two nights, £1 if breakfast has been brought up and for clothes pressed.

"If there is a cook and the food has been superb, ask if you can go into the kitchen and congratulate her. Tipping the cook is not essential, but 10/- if you feel like it.

"If the staff consists of dailies, then leave it on your dressing-table.

"Tip the cloakroom attendant in a hotel or restaurant — usually 2/-."

Add 10 or 15 percent to a bill in a British restaurant or hotel, she says. On the Continent ask if the service is included, and when it is, leave a small tip only if the service has been special.

When staying in a hotel it is not necessary to tip each time a waiter brings something to your room. The occasional 2/- will probably speed up the drinks, though.

Giving the headwaiter £1 has worked miracles when you're desperate for a good table.

Never be rude to waiters—they can't answer back.

Don't tip in a restaurant if the service has been really bad.

On good grooming, Carol Parker says: "In no circumstances should you put on lipstick, powder, or comb your hair sitting at the table or in public. If it is necessary to make a few running repairs you may leave the table before coffee.

"If your hair falls round your collar, then it's time for a haircut."

On make-up she says: "It is impossible to generalise. A good rule is, again, the less the better. Experimenting with new ideas and colors is good, as nothing dates a woman more than a dark lipstick."

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THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

Continued from page 36

gliding past historic landmarks, under magnificent paintings of monarchs like William the Conqueror and Queen Elizabeth I.

Heavy bookings were expected, but the flood of visitors was so large that housing them became a problem, even in luxury hotels like the Savoy.

These were not normal times. Although everyone made jokes about the Siegfried Line and Goering's medals, workmen were busily fortifying the Abraham Lincoln Room in the Savoy with thousands of feet of steel tubing and timber beams, reinforced with concrete. The adjoining Pink and Green rooms now had steel girders and were stacked with thousands of sandbags.

Air Raid Wardens and Red Cross nurses, all staff volunteers, were being briefed. There were also orderly arrangements for an A.R.P. control room linked by telephone with complete observation posts and a round-the-clock alarm system.

Waved magnum of champagne

Nobody doubted that the hotel's position on the Thames near Shell-Mex House would make it an inviting target.

Suddenly the nightmare seemed to be over. On the evening of September 28, 1938, an excited man jumped to his feet in the grill-room, waving a magnum of champagne, and proposed a toast to Mr. Chamberlain. Everyone stood on chairs, cheering wildly.

The Stock Exchange and Wall Street did a fandango, and the Savoy's reception manager was soon using his shoehorn to fit in bookings for the most expensive suites. Briefly, miraculously, it was "business as usual" again.

Among the guests were Douglas Fairbanks, sen., and his pretty wife, Sylvia.

They were soon greeted by a previous Mrs. Fairbanks, the now very plump Mary Pickford, who arrived with Korda and the Goldwyns. Sam dutifully delivered himself of his latest Goldwynism: "I'm looking for girls to make into stars," he declared, "but they must be more than beautiful. They must be effeminate."

Night after night, the grill was solidly booked by a gay and glamorous crowd of celebrities. Hitchcock, the Lunts, and Olivia de Havilland . . . Robert Sherwood, accepting congratulations on *Idiot's Delight* . . . Adolph Menjou, twirling his moustache and wearing the quizzical look from a hundred films.

Adolph Zukor, head of Paramount, greeted Reeves-Smith and demonstrated his astonishing memory by recalling not only exactly where he had sat at a luncheon in 1912 but every detail of the menu including even the vintages served.

Robert Donat, the new film idol, looked unbelievably young and robust for one already under a cruel sentence, while Leslie Howard, so soon to be shot down by the Luftwaffe, dined alone at a side table playing an elusive Pimpernel with casual acquaintances.

A new and vast telephone exchange and switchboard were in operation, and the largest gas-fired stove in the world had been installed in the grill kitchens. An underground garage, soon to be requisitioned, was built to take 500 cars on a single floor.

Confidence swept through that year of destiny. Queen Marie of Yugoslavia's chef arrived for another of his refresher courses with Latry.

Fourteen hundred dinners and suppers were served after the Eton and Harrow match. That afternoon a party of Harrovians telephoned to book a table, explaining that they had no evening clothes in London. Would they be allowed in with morning coats? The answer was icily negative.

Tyrone Power and his new wife, Annabella, were almost trampled underfoot by hysterical admirers. To get into the Savoy the film star borrowed a taxi-driver's cap and coat, stuck a cigarette behind his ear, and drove himself along the Strand and into the forecourt.

The needle of the hotel's barometer oscillated wildly between crisis and frivolity. Anxious to emulate Tom Mix's old stunt, Gene Autry rode into the ballroom on Champion.

But Champion, alas, did not prove as well behaved as his famous predecessor, Tony, the horse hero of a hundred Western films, whom Tom Mix rode into the ballroom.

Gilbert Beyfus, K.C., celebrated a birthday by climbing a pillar in the restaurant which proved his agility at 52 but, according to his friends, finally killed all hopes of the High Court judgeship on which he had set his heart.

Fred Astaire held a Press reception and declined to talk about himself or Hollywood or indeed anything but salmon fishing. Luise Rainer, on holiday after her triumph in *The Good Earth*, did not seem to enjoy the carefree gaiety of her fellow stars. She hid in her modest room and evaded all publicity.

While the radio jangled with the world's hopes and fears, Thornton Wilder remained isolated and sad of face in his room, making notes for a new play.

War talk seemed almost a breach of etiquette. One hilarious guest demonstrated how a beard could be fastened with curling pins and tucked under a gas-mask. In the foyer a woman's fur-lined mask, with separate sections for purse, lipstick, and compact, dangled from her alsatian's neck.

Pinza kept waist trim

Arriving at the Savoy during a trial blackout, the second Duke of Westminster appeared to regard the crisis as a personal affront. Much more phlegmatic was Ezio Pinza, the future star of *South Pacific*, then singing at Covent Garden. To keep his waistline trim, he rode back and forth on his bicycle, which he parked in the new garage.

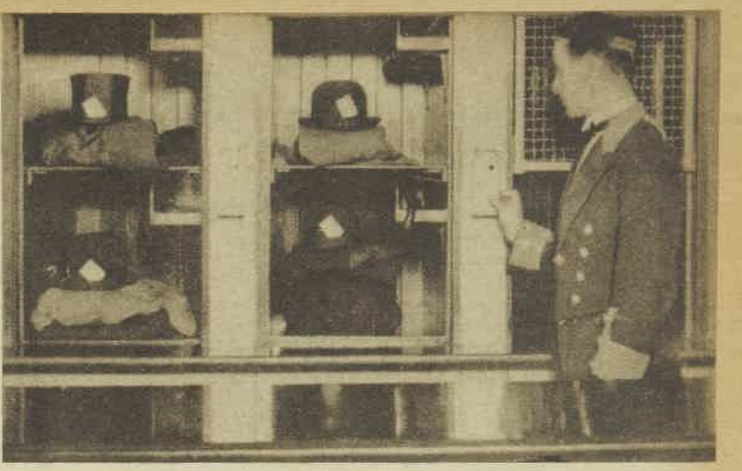
Plans to celebrate the Savoy's golden jubilee were stored away, like so much else, as peace drained out of Europe. On the morning of September 4, 1939, the hotel suffered a shock almost more profound than the closing of the restaurant.

Air-raid sirens, even bombs, would have been taken for granted but no one had ever expected to see George Reeves - Smith walking through the front hall in a bowler hat and lounge suit. The reception clerks followed him with looks of dismay and returned incredulously to their books.

For more than 40 years, the managing-director's silk hat and frock-coat had been almost as much part of tradition as the bronze statue of Count Peter over the hotel's great forecourt.

NEXT WEEK: Blitz Hotel

● Condensation of the book "The Savoy," by Stanley Jackson, published by Frederick Muller Ltd., London.



EFFICIENCY at the Savoy Hotel is reflected by the electric lift in the men's cloakroom. The lift runs at 70 m.p.h. and can handle more than 1000 hats and coats an hour.

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SPECTACULAR Mackenzie Falls (above), on the road between Hall's Gap and Horsham, are Victoria's main falls and the largest and most impressive in the Grampians. In summer the flow is maintained with water released from Lake Wartook. The falls, on the Mackenzie River, are nearly 800ft. wide with a sheer drop of 90ft., and cascade into a fern-fringed pool.

Picture by Mr. J. O. Colohan, Beaumaris, Vic.

THE HEADWATERS of the Huon River drain vast areas of button-grass, a large tufted sedge found in Tasmania. After flowing through the button-grass the water darkens, and it then gives beautiful reflections. In the early days transport was by river steamer, and the picture below shows the then limit of navigation on the Huon, about a mile upstream from the present Huonville bridge.

Picture by Mr. Des Bedford, Moonah, Tas.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

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HARRIS' HEATHER, No. 10 IMPERIAL, No. 12 TEA TIPS, No. 91 DRUMMER BOY, No. 9 HONDI	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
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INGLIS KANDY CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	A.C.T.
LIPTON'S GREEN CANISTER and ROYAL CEYLON BLEND	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	A.C.T.
LLOYD'S SUPER CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
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MORAN & CATO'S PERFECTION IN TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.				TAS.	A.C.T.
REPIN'S SPECIAL CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
ROBERT TIMMS' REGAL SPECIAL and NURAYLIA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	A.C.T.
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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 26

ARIES MAR. 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
★ A week of muddle and big changes, with a lucky, powerful break on the 30th. Romance is favored on the 25th. Stick cautiously to routine on the 1st, don't start new projects.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ The best day is the 30th, compensating a lot for a confrontation of adverse aspects which spell care in all things. The 1st could mean an unexpected parting or money loss.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ You are favored by a beautiful conjunction of Sun and Jupiter on the 30th. This more than compensates for a hostile week. Stick to routine matters, especially on the 1st.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ Count the week as muddling and delaying, with the risk of sudden changes at the end. Love and marriage emerge somewhat battered — but the 30th has a silver lining.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, navy, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ All departments of your life come under a cloud, but you get a very lucky break-through on the 30th with good news for the family. Handle money with care on the 1st.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ You can rate the 29th as just not your day, but Jupiter comes to your rescue at the weekend and makes up for a lot. The 1st could see a big change in your personal affairs.

LIBRA SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, jade, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ Sunday is a bright and shining light in an otherwise muddled and frustrating week. You'll need all your balance of judgment to keep on an even keel—but you will be helped.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, silver, red. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ Count the 26th as unlucky, the 27th as tricky, the 29th as delaying, but the 30th as a fortunate day that amply balances the scales. The 1st is full of change.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, lilac. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ The tempo of your life gains added momentum and your lucky star helps to protect you from a rather dismal week. You'll find its influence best on Sunday. Avoid vital business on the 1st.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ Your ruling star tangles with Venus and Mars, so postpone important documents and be careful travelling. The 30th is a good day to solve problems, the 1st is adverse. Sit tight.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, red. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ Although the week might start with loss or setback romance-wise, the 30th is a lucky day when love is under jovial stars. There could be a parting from a friend.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, violet, tan. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ There are some unpleasant items on the menu — delays, muddles — but the chef has prepared a beautiful dish for the 30th for you. The 1st is adverse — dull but safe routine is advised.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 54. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Good, hearty, hot SOUP

When the weather's cold, there's nothing more satisfying and heartening than a bowl of good hot soup. This three-page feature gives twenty-two recipes.

SOUP has two main purposes — to stimulate appetite and to provide nourishment. And every good soupmaker adds extra touches of her own to make her soup an important part of the meal.

In this feature are hot savory soups with good flavor, and also satisfying accompaniments and garnishes. Level spoon measurements and the eight liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes.

When a recipe calls for stock, make your own from beef, veal, or chicken bones, with vegetables — or make use of the convenient stock or bouillon cubes which are available as a good, quick short-cut.

TOMATO-RICE SOUP

One and half pounds gravy beef, few soup bones, 1 onion, ½ cup diced celery, 4 cups skinned, chopped tomatoes, 3 pints water, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup cooked rice, chopped parsley.

Cut meat into cubes; put into saucepan with bones, chopped onion, celery, tomatoes, water, salt, pepper, and sugar. Cover, simmer until meat is tender; remove soup bones. Make paste of the cold water and flour, add small amount of hot soup, mix well, and combine with remaining soup, stirring until well blended; simmer further 10 minutes. Add cooked rice, reheat. Serve garnished with finely chopped parsley.

GOOD CHICKEN CONSOMME

One boiling fowl, 4 sticks of celery, 2 onions, 1 carrot, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ quarts cold water.

Remove any fat from inside bird; put bird into saucepan with whole onions, whole carrot, and halved sticks of celery; add salt and cold water. Add more water, if necessary, to cover bird. Cover tightly. Bring just to boil, then reduce heat, simmer very gently 5 hours; skim occasionally. Strain through muslin; cool, then refrigerate until any surplus fat firms on surface of consomme; remove this carefully. Reheat but do not allow to boil; taste, correct seasoning if necessary.

OLD-FASHIONED BEEF TEA

Two pounds gravy beef, 3 pints water, pinch salt.

Cut beef into 1in. cubes, place in large earthenware casserole with water and salt; cover tightly. (It is important that the lid be tight-fitting so all the flavor is retained.) Cook in moderate oven 2½ hours. Strain and serve.

FRENCH ONION SOUP

Two or three onions, 1 pint good brown stock, butter, salt and pepper.

Remove skin from onions; cut onions into thick slices. Saute in hot butter until well-browned but still firm; add stock, season to taste. Simmer until onions are tender.

Onion Soup au Gratin: Top each bowl with toasted round of French bread topped with grated Swiss, parmesan, or cheddar cheese.

COUNTRY-STYLE PUMPKIN SOUP

One pound good-colored pumpkin, butter, ½ small onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 pint beef or chicken stock, salt and pepper.

Peel pumpkin, cut up roughly into fairly small pieces. Saute 10 minutes in a little hot butter, with chopped onion and sugar. Add stock, simmer until pumpkin is tender. Push through sieve, return to saucepan, and reheat; season to taste.

A spoonful of whipped cream or some finely chopped parsley can be used to top each serving.

MINESTRONE

Quarter cup oil, 1 onion (chopped), 2oz. bacon, 1 leek, 1 stalk celery, 3 pints beef stock, pinch saffron, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 potato, 1 cup shredded cabbage, 2 skinned and chopped tomatoes, 2oz. each beans, peas, and rice or macaroni, 1 crushed garlic clove, 1 tablespoon of white fat from bacon, chopped parsley.

Heat oil in pan, add onion, chopped bacon, and well-washed, sliced leek; saute until tender (about 5 minutes). Add stock and saffron, bring to the boil. Add prepared, sliced carrot, turnip, potato, and celery, then cabbage and tomatoes. Cook 20 minutes, then add sliced beans, peas, and rice or macaroni; simmer gently 30 to 40 minutes, skimming occasionally. Crush garlic clove, then chop to fine paste with the bacon fat; chop in the parsley. Drop over top of soup, simmer until bacon fat melts across top of soup to give a delicious aroma.

POTATO SOUP

One pound potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 pints stock (stock made with veal bones is good for this soup), 1 onion, salt and pepper, ½ pint milk, chopped parsley.

Peel potatoes and onion; slice thickly. Saute in heated butter 10 minutes, but do not allow to brown. Add stock, cook slowly until potatoes are tender. Force all through sieve, then return puree to saucepan. Add salt and pepper and milk, heat again gently; serve with a little finely chopped parsley.

Continued overleaf

Color picture by Barry Cullen

***TOMATO-RICE SOUP:** Tomatoes cook in a rich beef broth flavored with celery to make this colorful soup.*

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

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GOOD, HEARTY, HOT SOUP...

(Continued from previous page)

SCOTCH BROTH

One and a half pounds neck of mutton, 2 carrots, 2 onions, 2 leeks, few sticks of celery, 4oz barley, salt and pepper, bouquet garni, 2 quarts of water or stock, chopped parsley.

Prepare vegetables, chop finely. Wash barley, put into pot with vegetables, bouquet garni, meat, and stock or water. Bring slowly to the boil, skim well, then simmer, covered, 2 to 3 hours. Remove bones from meat, chop meat, return to saucepan; remove bouquet garni; season to taste. Sprinkle with chopped parsley for serving.

POTAGE CRECY (Carrot Soup)

One pound carrots, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, pinch sugar, 2 pints chicken stock, ¼ cup rice, extra 1 pint chicken stock, knob of butter.

Slice carrots thinly, chop onion. Melt butter in saucepan, add vegetables, cover, and saute gently 10 to 15 minutes. Season with salt, pepper, and sugar. Add the 2 pints of hot chicken stock and rice; simmer 35 to 40 minutes. Push vegetables, with liquid, through sieve; add extra chicken stock, reheat, swirl in knob of butter. Top each serving with small, butter-fried croutons.

LEEK AND POTATO SOUP

Four leeks, 1 onion, 4 potatoes (peeled and cut into ½in. dice), 1 tablespoon butter, 4 cups hot water, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 cups hot milk, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Trim leeks, removing green tops and roots; wash well. Cut into ¼in. slices. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in saucepan, add leeks and chopped onion; cook slowly a few minutes, covered, until soft but not brown; stir occasionally. Add potatoes, hot water, and salt. Simmer, covered, 30 to 40 minutes or until potatoes are soft. Add hot milk and dessertspoon butter; stir. Taste and adjust seasoning if necessary.

CHINESE EGG-DROP SOUP

Four cups chicken broth, 1 dessertspoon cornflour blended in little cold water, 2 shallots cut into 1in. lengths (including green tops), 1 egg, salt and pepper.

Heat chicken broth, season to taste. Gradually stir in the blended cornflour; cook, stirring until thickened. Stir in shallots. Beat egg well, gently stir into soup, remove from heat immediately, serve at once.

CREAM OF CAULIFLOWER SOUP

One small cauliflower, ½lb. potatoes, 1 pint water, salt and pepper, 1 pint milk, knob of butter, chopped parsley.

Break cauliflower into flowerets, peel potatoes and slice. Put into saucepan with 1 pint water. Cook until tender, then push vegetables, with liquid, through strainer; season to taste. Add milk, bring just to boil; swirl in butter. Serve topped with finely chopped parsley or sprinkling of nutmeg.

OYSTER SOUP

One dozen (or more) oysters, juice 1 lemon, 6 cups fish stock or water, 2oz. dry white wine, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper.

Mix lemon juice with oysters, set aside. Add wine to fish stock, bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer 5 minutes. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook few minutes, stirring. Gradually blend in hot stock; stir until boiling; season to taste. Just before serving add oysters, heat a few minutes until oysters are nicely plump.

CREAMY OYSTER SOUP

Two dozen oysters, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup cream, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon butter, finely chopped parsley, paprika.

In top of double saucepan, over boiling water, combine oyster liquor, milk, cream, salt and pepper. Stir until soup is very hot; do not allow to boil. Add oysters, heat through; swirl in butter. Pour into heated soup plates, top with little chopped parsley, sprinkle with paprika.

CREME WASHINGTON (Corn Soup)

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. flour, 1½ pints chicken stock, 1 small can whole kernel corn, salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour; cook, stirring, over gentle heat until the roux is very lightly golden. Remove from heat, stir in hot chicken stock; cook, stirring until mixture is nicely thickened and creamy. Strain, if desired; return to saucepan, stir in corn, simmer 5 minutes; season to taste. Serve topped with finely chopped parsley.

DELICIOUS VEGETABLE SOUP

Three potatoes, 3 tomatoes, ½lb. green beans, 2½ quarts water, ¼lb. vermicelli, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 clove garlic, ¼ teaspoon basil, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 tablespoon oil, ½ cup grated parmesan cheese.

String beans, cut into 1in. pieces. Put into saucepan with peeled, sliced potatoes, peeled, chopped tomatoes, and water; cook over medium heat 15 minutes. Add vermicelli, salt and pepper, cook further 15 minutes. Mix crushed garlic, basil, and tomato paste in bowl; add the oil, drop by drop, mixing steadily. When mixture is smooth, add to soup gradually, stirring constantly. Serve hot, sprinkled with grated parmesan cheese.

DUTCH PEA SOUP

Half pound split peas, 1 onion (chopped), 1 carrot (sliced), little butter, mint sprig, ham or bacon bone and few bacon pieces, salt and pepper, 2 quarts water or chicken stock, finely chopped mint, few drops green coloring.

Soak peas overnight in water to cover. Next day drain, put into large saucepan with the stock or water. Saute onion and carrot in the hot butter; add to peas, with mint sprig, bones and bacon pieces, and seasoning. Cover, bring to the boil, stir well, then reduce heat, and simmer until peas are tender (about 2 hours); stir occasionally. Remove bones and bacon pieces, press soup through fine sieve. Return to saucepan, stir in chopped mint and reheat. If desired, add few drops green food coloring to give fresh appearance to soup. Top with hot croutons.

GOOD BEEF CONSOMME

Two pounds gravy beef, 1 veal bone, 2 large onions, 2 carrots, 1 celery stalk, 1 leek, few peppercorns, bouquet garni, 6 cloves, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 quarts cold water, 2 egg-whites, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Cut onions in 2; leave other vegetables whole (this is to prevent their falling apart during the long cooking and clouding the clearness of consomme). Cut meat into fairly big pieces. Put into large saucepan with vegetables, seasoning, and water. Cover, simmer very, very gently 5 hours; skim occasionally. Strain through muslin cloth that has been wrung out in cold water and placed over sieve. Return strained soup to saucepan. Add egg-whites, whisk soup rapidly while soup comes slowly to boil. Then stop whisking and let liquid simmer 30 minutes; do not break the crust that will form on top. Wring out muslin cloth in water again, pour soup through it, holding back crust with spoon. Return to heat, add sherry, correct seasoning if necessary.

CURRIED RICE SOUP

Two quarts of good beef or chicken stock, 2 onions, 1 apple, butter, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1oz. plain flour, juice ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper, 2oz. cooked rice.

Chop onions, fry in hot butter until lightly golden. Stir in curry powder and flour, then the peeled, chopped apple; cook, stirring, few minutes. Add stock, stir well, bring to boil, then reduce heat, simmer 1 hour. Rub through sieve, return to saucepan. Add lemon juice and sugar, season to taste. Put spoonful of hot rice in each serving-bowl, ladle over the hot soup.

VEGETABLE AND BARLEY SOUP

Two carrots, 1 turnip, 2 sticks celery, 1 leek or 2 small onions, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup chicken stock, 1 cup cooked barley, 3 pints chicken stock (extra), salt and pepper, parsley.

Cut vegetables into fine dice, saute in the hot butter a few minutes, stir in ½ cup chicken stock, simmer gently 5 minutes. Add barley and stir in, add the 3 pints chicken stock. Simmer gently until vegetables are tender. Season to taste. Stir in some finely chopped parsley.

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Half pound mushrooms, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, ¼ pint cream, salt and pepper.

Peel mushrooms, cut into very small pieces. Combine with milk in top half of double saucepan. Simmer slowly, covered, 2 hours. Then press mushrooms through very fine sieve with the milk; replace in double saucepan. Blend together butter and flour. Add to mushrooms with cream and salt and pepper to taste; stir well, simmer gently further 15 minutes.

QUICK CORN CHOWDER

One onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 cups boiling water, 3 medium-sized potatoes (peeled and cubed), pinch pepper, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 large can whole kernel corn, 3 cups scalded milk, parsley.

Saute finely chopped onion in butter until lightly browned. Add boiling water, potatoes, and seasonings. Cook until potatoes are tender (about 15 minutes). Add corn and milk. Heat to boiling point, but do not allow to boil. Serve topped with finely chopped parsley.

***HOT SOUP** becomes a meal when served with a savory accompaniment. At left is Cream of Cauliflower Soup (see above) with Parmesan Toast Strips (see recipe opposite).*

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. . . and the garnishes

ALMOST as important as the soup itself are the garnishes and accompaniments — and this is where the clever cook shows imagination.

They can be simple, such as finely chopped fresh celery leaves on top of steaming tomato soup; or de-luxe and delicious, as whipped cream, tinted and flavored with a little saffron, curry powder, or paprika, to top mushroom soup; or with a few chives or finely chopped parsley whipped in to top bowls of pumpkin or carrot soup.

Crisp, golden-brown croutons can top a rich pea soup. Or you can serve hot potato scones, crunchy cheese sticks, oven-hot savory biscuits — all the recipes are given on this page to help you make soup a meal in itself.

★ ★ ★

Croutons: These can be prepared in several ways. They can be made in advance and stored in air-tight tin until required. Reheat before serving.

1. Cut crusts from bread, about ¼in. thick; cut bread into tiny cubes, brown lightly in hot butter or bacon fat.

2. Prepare as above, but cut bread into ¼in. cubes; dip quickly in and out of milk, roll in grated cheese, place on greased baking-sheet, bake in hot oven until cheese is melted and croutons are lightly browned; shake baking-sheet occasionally to prevent sticking.

Note: Some cooks refer to the above as "sippets"; when they speak of "croutons," they mean whole slices of french bread, browned lightly in hot butter or bacon fat.

★ ★ ★

Cheese Sticks: Remove crust from loaf of unsliced bread, cut bread into slices ¼in. thick; cut slices into ¼in. strips. Cream 2oz. butter until light, beat in ½ cup grated cheese, pinch each of pepper and nutmeg. Spread cheese mixture over bread strips, sprinkle with paprika, put in oven or under griller to melt cheese. Serve hot.

★ ★ ★

Potato Pancakes: Peel and grate 3 medium-sized potatoes, mix in ½ grated onion, 1 lightly beaten egg, 3 dessertspoons flour, ½ teaspoon each salt and baking-powder, pinch pepper. Drop by spoonfuls on to hot, well-greased frypan. Brown on both sides, serve hot. Butter if desired.

★ ★ ★

Cheese Beignets: Place ½ cup water, 1½oz. butter, and pinch salt in saucepan, bring to boil. Stir in all at once ½ cup sifted flour; beat vigorously until mixture is thick and leaves sides of saucepan; cool slightly. Beat in 2 small eggs, pinch of nutmeg, and 1oz. grated cheese. Drop small spoonfuls of mixture into hot oil. They will take only a short time to cook and puff up; keep hot. To serve, pile on hot dish or drop 1 or 2 on top of hot soup.

★ ★ ★

Melba Toast: Cut stale bread as thinly as possible; leave in whole slices or cut into squares or fingers. Arrange on baking-sheets, bake in very slow oven until very crisp and evenly colored; turn pieces frequently. To store, place in air-tight container, keep in cool, dry place. Handle carefully — these fragile toasts break easily.

★ ★ ★

Savory Biscuits: Top small, savory biscuits with any of the following: place in hot oven until heated through, or place under griller for few minutes to toast the topping:

1. Grated cheese, dust with paprika or curry powder.
2. Butter, creamed with lots of very finely chopped parsley.
3. Butter, creamed with curry powder, little mayonnaise or chopped gherkins or olives.

★ ★ ★

Parmesan Toast Strips: Toast 4 slices of bread, remove crusts, cut each slice into 5 strips. Crush 1½ cups of crisp corn breakfast cereal, mix with ½ cup grated parmesan cheese. Combine 1-3rd cup melted butter or substitute with ½ teaspoon onion salt; roll toast strips in seasoned butter, then generously in cheese-crumb mixture. Place on ungreased baking-sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven 5 minutes, or until crisp.

★ ★ ★

Golden Curried Puffs: Sift together 2 cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon each salt and curry powder; mix in 1 dessertspoon butter. Gradually add ½ cup lukewarm water, stirring with fork (dough will be rather crumbly). Turn on to lightly floured board, knead until smooth; let stand 10 minutes. Divide in half, roll out each half to 10 x 12 rectangle, about 1-16th in. thickness. Cut into 2 to 2½in. squares. Deep-fry, few at a time, in hot oil, about 30 seconds each side. Drain well, serve hot.

If desired, sprinkle with grated cheese, put under griller for a few minutes until cheese melts.

★ ★ ★

Hot Potato Scones: Sift together 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, and 1 teaspoon baking-powder; rub in 1oz. butter or substitute, then mix in 4oz. cooled mashed potato. Mix to soft dough with ½ pint milk. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead lightly and quickly. Roll to ½ to ¾in. thickness. Cut with knife or floured cutter. Place on heated baking-tray, brush with milk, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

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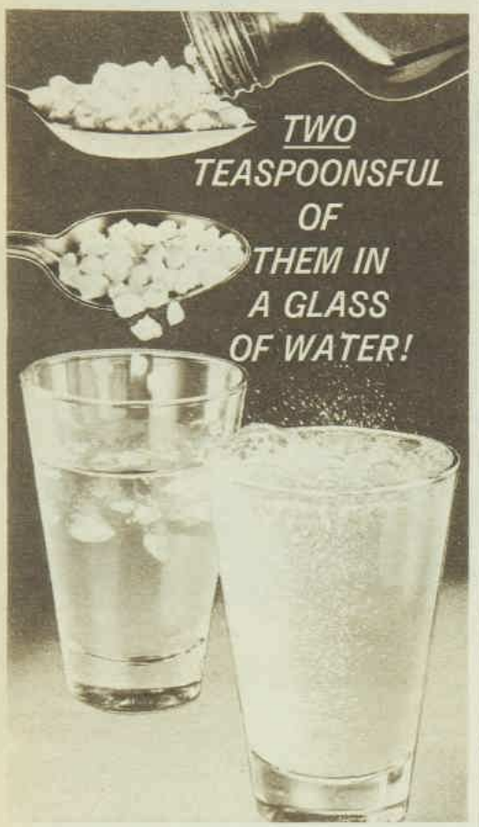

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● A recipe for biscuits with a chocolate topping and a filling of ground almonds and coconut wins the £5 main prize this week in our regular cookery contest.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a selection of interesting recipes —a savory dish that can be served at a buffet party or on toast for a family meal; a new raisin spread; a steak dish.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

ALMOND BARS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add egg and beat well. Add sifted flour, cocoa, and baking powder to the creamed mixture; mix well. Divide dough in half and press one half over the base of well-greased lamington tin. Spread over the prepared filling, then cover with the remaining dough. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. When cool, ice with chocolate icing and cut into squares.

Filling: Four ounces ground almonds, 2 tablespoons coconut, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, ½ teaspoon almond essence, ½ cup milk.

Mix all filling ingredients well together.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Carey, 4 Woodmancote Rd., Khandallah, Wellington, N5, N.Z.

CRAB SURPRISE

Three rashers chopped bacon, 1 chopped onion, 3 chopped mushrooms, 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper, 1 pint medium white sauce, 1 4oz. can cream-style corn, 1 4oz. can drained, flaked crab meat, 2 chopped shallots, salt, cayenne pepper.

Saute chopped bacon in frying-pan until crisp, remove and add the chopped onion, mushrooms, and red pepper; continue cooking until vegetables are soft but not browned. Add to the prepared white sauce with the bacon, corn, crab meat, shallots, salt, and cayenne pepper. Reheat, serve with hot toast or as a buffet dish with fried rice.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. L. O'Shea, 14 Wolseley Road, Coogee, N.S.W.

RAISIN-BUTTER SANDWICH SPREAD

One pound sultanas, 1lb. seeded raisins, 4 large eggs, ¼lb. butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, grated rind and juice 1 small lemon.

Put fruit through mincer or electric blender, add beaten eggs, butter, sugar, lemon juice and rind. Place in saucepan over low heat, stir constantly until mixture boils. Bottle while hot. This is also good as fillings for small tarts or cakes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Roberts, M.S. 1382, Wondai, Qld.

STEAK-AND-CELERY CASSEROLE

Two pounds bladebone steak, 1 onion, 1 small head of celery, salt, pepper, flour.

Cut steak into small pieces, roll in seasoned flour. Dice onion and slice celery. Place into aluminium pudding basin until basin is full (this indicates the amount of celery required). Season with salt and pepper. (No water is added.) Place closely fitting lid on basin, place in saucepan of boiling water; simmer 2½ hours. A rich gravy forms during cooking. Serve hot with green peas and mashed potatoes.

Note: Tomato sauce or tomato puree can be added to the meat mixture when cooked to give color.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Carter, 56 Victoria Street, Pyramid Hill, Vic.

USEFUL HOME HINTS

● Readers win a prize of £1/1/- for each of these helpful household hints.

COOK hamburgers or rissoles in this way: Make the meat patties thin and flat. Put a teaspoonful of prepared stuffing on one patty, top with a second patty, press edges firmly together, and cook in the usual way. — Mrs. E. Smith, 64 Brett St., Waratah 2N, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When making a flan, arrange the fruit in the case and put it in the refrigerator for an hour or so. When you pour the glaze over it you will find it will set immediately without soaking into the flan case or running over the sides. — Mrs. S. E. Matheson, High St., Gladstone, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Instead of deep-frying potatoes, slice them wafer thin, dip in melted butter, and bake slowly for a tasty change.—Mrs. N. Schreiber, 31 Alfred St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Make crocheted ties to replace ribbons when knitting bootees and singlets for baby. The ties wear much better, as there are no edges to fray, stay securely tied much longer, and you don't have to iron them. — Mrs. M. Tippett, 45 Nixon St., Devonport, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Before turning out a steamed pudding, place basin on its side, leave for a minute or so until the steam escapes and the pudding shrinks from sides of the basin. It will then come away from the basin without breaking.—Mrs. J. Whitwell, 64 Milton St., Nelson, N.Z.

★ ★ ★

When embroidering a knitted garment, line the area to be worked with stiff muslin. Work through both thicknesses and you will find your design will be firmer and neater. — Mrs. B. J. Smith, Box 507, Naracoorte, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Try this delicious breakfast treat: Prepare oatmeal or similar cereal in milk in the usual way and add one tablespoon honey. Cool, then heat with the yolk of an egg. Whip egg-white until stiff and fold into cereal. Serve with banana. Chilled, it makes a mouth-watering dessert. —Mrs. Gail Dudeck, 36 Carlton St., Carlton, Vic.

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Maybe not. But when it comes to mealtimes, baby likes service on the dot. That's why you can heave a sigh of joy when the poppet's on Farley's. The best of baby food is also the fastest. Just mix Farley's and water in a feeding dish, then add warm milk. It dissolves smooth and quickly. And doesn't baby love that taste!

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"MY PROBLEM WAS ME"

When I found I couldn't stand looking at myself, I realised no woman can afford to let herself go, and this is what I did . . .

● I hadn't really meant to go to the park that morning. The laundry basket was piled high, and I was still tired from hanging curtains the night before.

(The writer of this story wishes to remain anonymous)

BUT the baby had been grizzly for hours, Jay had built and noisily demolished a dozen block castles — and the sun was shining.

"OK, little ones, let's go," I said as I tossed a jacket over my round-the-house slacks and jersey and off we went—Cindy propped on her carriage pillows and Jay squeaking along beside us on his tricycle.

Suddenly the squeaking stopped. "Mum, can I play?"

With a three-year-old's unerring instinct, he had found a game — and what a game it was!

Our usually quiet park spot had exploded in a wild chase — two small boys, a tiny girl, and their mother, all racing and shouting.

The young woman hailed me, smiling. "Come on! Any number can play."

I shook my head. "Thanks. I'll referee."

As she came toward me, I watched with, I suppose, that touch of envy most women feel when they see someone spectacularly well endowed — the kind of woman whose skin is perfect; whose figure in stretch pants makes you resolve to give up desserts for ever.

Three children; she had to be around my own age — 23, perhaps even a little older — but she seemed like a teenager.

"How do you do it?" I sighed, settling on the bench. "I've got just about enough energy to get them out of the house."

The girl squatted on the grass beside me with a happy, easy shrug. "Just being young, I guess. At my age you can keep going indefinitely."

I tried to keep my voice casual. "Well, I'm only 24."

There was a small, tight silence. The girl flushed and smiled uneasily. "Gosh, I'm sorry . . . I just didn't realise. I mean — well, you know, some people look more mature than others."

Old at 24!

Mature. She was being tactful, I knew. Matronly, that was what she really meant. At 24 I was already middle-aged. All the way home I thought about it.

No use telling myself that the girl in the park probably couldn't bake an apple pie or knit a ski sweater the way I could.

No use reflecting that I was efficient, frugal, affectionate, amusing, intelligent, that my husband and children loved me. The fact remained that she was a terribly attractive woman.

I could scarcely wait to to get home and look in the mirror.

It's a funny thing about mirrors. Most of the time you can see in them only what you want to see.

For instance, though I wear glasses, I never see, in the mirror, a woman wearing glasses.

Now, as I looked at myself, trying to find what the girl in the park had seen, the image was painfully clear.

There was a woman a little on the short side — 5 feet 4 inches in run-over casual shoes — and a good 20 pounds overweight. I was not only "plump"; I was lumpy.

The shapeless green jersey and the washed-out and shrunken pants were cruelly revealing.

I was a matron, all right, and a tacky one at that.

By the time Bruce came home, I was in a nervous tizzy.

It was a relief to have Bruce greet me with his usual brisk hug. But, of course, he was used to being married to a matron.

At dinner, over the hot bread rolls and piled-up plates of roast duckling, I made a direct attack.

"Darling, do you think I've changed much since we were married?"

He grinned, busy with the calories in front of him.

"Sure. You're a much better cook," he said. "And you've learned not to wash the white and red socks together, and you're a darned good mother."

"Please, this isn't a joke. There was this girl in the park this morning — same age as me, three little children — and she was so attractive, and I . . ." Suddenly my voice broke and I wailed like a child. "I'm such a mess!"

"Sweetheart." Bruce was bending over me now, dabbing my cheeks with his handkerchief. "You're *not* a mess. You're sweet and funny and I love you.

"Sure, you're heavier and you're not dressed up every day the way you were when you had an office job.

"But good heavens — you've had two babies close together, you work hard all day . . . Naturally you're no glamor girl."

It was comforting, no question. But that night, lying awake, I wondered.

How had it happened? I'd never been a beauty. But certainly, for the first 20 years of my life, I worked at making the most of my looks.

Mother saw to that. "Men don't ask what's in the package," she'd say. "What catches their eye is the wrapping."

It wasn't until Bruce came along that I realised Mother didn't know everything about men.

Bruce didn't seem to notice that I had a ski-jump nose; when I pointed it out, he was delighted. If I lost weight or gained weight, he didn't notice.

"You always look great to me," he'd say. He claimed to like my looks best of all when I came out of the water after a swim with my hair slick and streaming, my make-up gone.

Mother shook her head. "He thinks he loves you for your soul, but you let yourself go, and you'll find it's different. All men are the same."

Well, they weren't all the same. I'd found that out. Still, hadn't there been a touch of defiance in the way, after we married and moved to another State, I'd stopped counting calories and fussing over my clothes?

After Jay was born, I really planned to take off that extra ten pounds — just as soon as I finished nursing. But then Cindy was on the way.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

With two in diapers, I had no time to worry about my looks. My old wardrobe was tight, out of fashion; and I certainly didn't want to invest in new clothes a full size larger.

So — planning dimly to diet some day soon — I resigned myself.

That was the picture. Four years married and a frump. Maybe Bruce didn't care — but I cared. And the time to tackle the problem was now. What could I do? First I had to be realistic.

I could hardly afford a grandiose program of beauty parlors and slenderising salons. And whatever dieting I did would have to be done gradually, bit by difficult bit.

I couldn't get through my strenuous day on a liquid diet, for instance, but I could pass up gooey desserts and rich sauces. And I could do something about my hair and clothes.

I began by making up my mind to get dressed, really dressed, every morning before I took the children out for their walk.

It was hard to give up the freedom of my old knock-about style, and yet there was a special pleasure in the feel of a snug girdle and straight skirt.

(Wearing the girdle also made it easier — and more comfortable—to eat Spartan lunches.)

Afternoons, while the children were napping, I spent 20 minutes doing exercises. This not only made me feel virtuous but also tightened flabby muscles!

I engaged a once-a-week baby-sitter so that I could have regular excursions into town — not for shopping necessarily, but for looking.

A hairstyling boosted my morale so much that I could almost enjoy denying myself foods.

A bit smarter

Because at that point my legs were my best feature, I went out and bought a pair of Italian shoes that did marvels for my ankles.

When I'd lost my first five pounds I treated myself to one really good dress — so elegant I felt like a queen.

And I had it fitted so carefully that I didn't dare break my diet.

Maybe you're expecting me to report that two months after my decision I was slender, exquisitely groomed, ravishingly beautiful, and that Bruce greeted my transformation with amazed ardor.

Actually that's not what has happened and I doubt it ever does in real life.

Bruce has said very little (just things like, "Hey, I like your hairdo," or "You're looking real sharp. All this just for me?" and I don't think he loves me any more than he always did.

But I know that he's pleased and that he's proud of me for what I've done.

It's in my feelings about myself that the results have been most dramatic.

What I now see in my hall-mirror has already given me a new sense of myself — or rather has given me back the sense of a self I thought I'd lost for ever.

I'm as convinced as I ever was that my mother was wrong — that no good man values the package for its wrapping.

But I've learned that a shabby wrapping does, in time, affect the contents; that a woman who lets herself go can, after a point, become a different woman.

What I've learned — and I hope I never forget it — is that it's worth while to work at looking your best, not to please your mother or your husband, but to please yourself.

Hair beauty consultant writes

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Continued from page 27

THE DEMON OF KARIMPALA

swimming-pool. They hoped for husbands and bored me to extinction.

If you live alone with tea bushes in serried ranks on a near-precipice, usually in the clouds, and with the music of Johann Sebastian B., and with the dingy novels of the times, and with too much whisky at the Planters' Club on Saturday nights as a routine safety valve — you tend to become the least bit misanthropic.

It was time that I went home on leave; but now that my leave was overdue I did not want to go, could not endure the prospect of cosy England, nice relations. Some bachelors arrange things much more sensibly; but I was strictly celibate in principle and practice, even if my gaze would wander to a pretty girl at her washing at the village tank. Reading this, you do not like me, and I do not blame you. I am telling the truth as I was then.

I went down some steps of clean red rock chiselled to a maharaja's taste. "Hullo!" I called tactfully in case the Kittery Miss Sahib, dumpy deb, should be sunbathing.

She was swimming, not sunbathing. She did a racing turn at the other end and crawled back. She could swim. She stood in the shallow end and shook her wet head and saw me.

"Hullo," I said.

"Oh, hullo," she said.

Then I told her my name, and she told me hers. The conversation ceased as she came dripping up the steps in a black bathing suit. I swam. It was cool heaven. I am a bad swimmer, never even learned the crawl. "Wonderful!" I said with an enthusiasm quite unlike me.

"This is the loveliest place in West Bengal, I always think," she said. Which meant either that she was not newly out from home or that she had been here at other times when she was younger — perhaps as a child, for she was young.

To you, with so many swimming-pools of azure, the Karimpala pool might not seem lovely. But charms are comparative, and the cool, clear water in the clean red rock was a rare loveliness in dusty India. Yes, charms are comparative, and I suppose that if you set Yvonne Kittery down, or I mean asked her to set herself down, at Cannes, Montego Bay, Hot Springs, or somewhere she would be neutralised somewhat to be just another one. But here she was a knockout, a humdinger, a voluptuous pearl such as made that thought of mine about a dumpy deb seem lese-majeste.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You're the man who has come to kill tigers?" she asked—or, in a way, asserted. "Kill" sounded odd. People talk about shooting tigers, not killing them.

"I've come to try for the man-eater here," I said.

"I heard a shot this afternoon," she said. She looked at me and away. "Was that you?"

I WAS wrong about Cannes, Montego Bay, Hot Springs, or somewhere. You would see faces with character, but not a face like this—shadowed, haunted. I can't describe the haunt of beauty in that face. "I shot a barking deer," I said.

"Oh, no!" she said. Her eyes were the blue of delft. "Not a barking deer! They're such charming small brown things."

"And good to eat," I said. It was true that the karkar, the barking deer, was, perhaps, the most endearing creature of the forest. And it was true that I had felt some regret after shooting the karkar this afternoon. But a man must have meat, unless he is a vegetarian. So I was nettled at this stranger's disapproval, in no mood to make excuses, to seem sorry, to agree that they were charming small brown things, a pity to have to kill them.

We did not speak again until my annoyance ebbed, and then I said, "Your father, I'm sorry to hear he isn't better yet."

"Worse, I'm afraid," she said, and turned to me. Although I was on the road to being a curmudgeon at the unripe age of thirty-one, I could sometimes show sympathy. "I thought he would like to come just once again to Karimpala. We often did when I was small." Yvonne Kittery traced a pattern with a finger on the rock.

There was grace in any small action of hers, and there was a wonderful lulling softness in her speech, a hint of another language, too. I had never heard a voice like that. "But daddy is too ill," she said. "And I think he remembers my mother too much here. I was wrong as usual, thinking of myself."

"Never mind," I said with a thought about death as companion to her youth. It was unfair.

I thought she might say more, but she changed the subject back to tigers, or escaped the subject back to tigers. I did not know. "But why come here?" she said. "The man-eater isn't at Karimpala."

"There have been four kills in the east," I said, "and five to the west, and two in the foothills to the north — and all within twelve miles of one another. A lame tiger

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

CHOCOLATE RECIPE IDEAS FROM CADBURY'S

Chocolate Eclairs

• it's easy to make this popular pastry •

ECLAIR CASES: 4 ozs. plain flour, ½ pint water, 3 small eggs, 2 ozs. shortening, pinch salt.

Method: Bring shortening, water and salt to the boil. Remove from the heat and stir in the flour until smooth. Cook over a low heat until mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Allow the mixture to become quite cold before adding the eggs, which have been previously beaten. Add the eggs gradually, beating well after each addition. Using a ½" plain piping tube, pipe on to a greased tray in even lengths approx. 3-4 inches long. Bake in a hot oven 400°, or Regulo 6 Gas — 450° Electric for approx. 30 mins. The oven must not be opened during the first fifteen minutes of baking. Remove from the oven, pierce with a knife and cool. Fill with whipped cream and coat with chocolate icing.

CHOCOLATE ICING: 1 dessertspoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 4 tabs. water, 6-8 ozs. icing sugar, knob of butter, teaspoon vanilla essence.

Method: Blend the cocoa and water in a saucepan. Cook over a gentle heat until it thickens. Add the butter. Allow to cool. When cold add the vanilla essence and sufficient icing sugar to make a thick dropping consistency.

Chocolate Swiss Roll

• a favourite with all the family •

Ingredients: 3 eggs, 4 ozs. castor sugar, 4 ozs. self raising flour — less 1 tablespoon, 1 tab. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, pinch salt, 2 tabs. boiling water.

Method: Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat till stiff, but not dry, beat in the sugar in three portions. Add the yolks and beat until thick and creamy.

Sift the flour and cocoa together three times and fold lightly into the mixture using a scraper or metal spoon. Add the hot liquid and fold lightly into the mixture. Pour into a swiss roll tray approx. 13" x 9" which has been greased and lined on the bottom and sides with paper. Bake in a moderately hot oven 375° or Regulo 6 Gas —425° Electric for 10-12 mins.

Turn out onto greaseproof paper which has been sprinkled with castor sugar. Carefully remove the paper and roll up with the paper inside. Leave to cool and then gently unroll. Remove paper, spread evenly with cream and re-roll. Sprinkle with castor sugar.

Whether it's the icing on feather-light Chocolate Eclairs or the mouth-melting goodness of Chocolate Swiss Roll, give them both that real chocolaty taste with Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. Ground so fine that it sifts through silk, Bournville Cocoa mixes quickly and thoroughly with every other ingredient. The result is a depth of colour, a richness of flavour, nothing else can give! Try it today and see!

PUT THAT 'PERSONAL TOUCH' INTO ALL YOUR COOKING WITH

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

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AT HOME
with Margaret Sydney

● Every now and again when some great new building is going up, officials plant a time-capsule in the foundations, full of things they hope will interest whoever discovers them in a couple of thousand years.

MICROFILMS, stamps, coins, and one or two current newspapers usually go into them, and it's always fascinating to speculate about what the future finders will make of their find.

But it's a sad, sad thought that modern flooring materials are doing away with the minor time-capsules that used to exist in every home.

Once upon a time every kitchen in the Commonwealth had its own archives department underfoot, in the form of the nice fresh thickness of up-to-date newspapers that went under the new lino, to remain there, quietly yellowing, undisturbed, for 20 or 30 years.

Now people have their floors sanded and use tiles or rubber or composition or lino stuck down with goo, so there'll be no fun and no free reading matter when the time comes to replace the floor cover.

I remember my sister's fury when her under-the-lino reading matter was unceremoniously swept out and stuffed into a cardboard carton for burning.

Alison is a great one for organising working-bees for her own advantage. About a year ago she organised us into spending Saturday afternoon helping them lay a new lino in their kitchen.

Mike, who had nothing better to do and likes visiting Alison for the sake of her cooking, decided to come along, too.

While the four of us were out in the back garden rolling up the old lino ready for a trip to the rubbish dump, Mike got one of his rare urges to do something useful without first being asked, and rolled all the old newspapers into a bundle and started off with them in the direction of the backyard incinerator.

You can imagine his indignation when Alison suddenly swooped on him and grabbed an armful of papers, shouting, "Give me those, you horrible child, you beastly little post-war vandal."

"What've I done?" Mike said, turning a startled face to his uncle. "She gone off her rocker or something?"

"Not off her rocker, but off duty for the afternoon," his uncle said glumly, watching Alison, who by now had retreated to the back veranda with her treasure. "We won't get any more work out of her."

He was so right. Alison spent the rest of the afternoon poring over her 28-year-old newspaper sheets. After a while Mike forgave her and joined in, getting a great deal of amusement out of the advertisements.

She did serve us afternoon tea with some apple and cinnamon buns made from a recipe she'd found among the waste paper. We felt this was no more than our due, since the three of us had laid her lino for her while she lazed.

The secret files under the kitchen lino . . .

I WAS reminded of all this by a letter from a reader in Kurrajong, N.S.W.

She has sent me a 24-year-old page from a magazine fished out from beneath her kitchen lino which has a recipe for biscuits with bits of chocolate in them. She thinks it may be the recipe I was bemoaning the loss of some months ago. I think it well may be, too, but so many people sent me their own pet recipe that I'm muddled, and I'll have to try this one before I'm sure.

However, it's nice to know that other people are mad enough to read what comes from underneath the lino.

Hugh recently took an incredibly ancient felt top off a desk we had bought second-hand and found underneath it a newspaper cutting preserved in a greaseproof envelope and carefully stuck to the wood of the desk with a stamp hinge.

One side of the cutting reports the marriage of Miss Margaret Valentine (Daisy) Clements to the Rev. Wilfrid Tayler Shallard, of the United Methodist Free Church at Chirk Bank. They were married at the Quinta Congregational Church. "The parties are very well known and highly popular in the district, the large congregation which assembled to witness the interesting ceremony affording eloquent testimony of this," reads the cutting.

The bride, given away by her mother, who wore a grey silk dress with oriental embroideries, was wearing a beautiful gown of white voile, a large white hat trimmed with white roses, and a gold curb bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom.

Where, I wonder, is Quinta? What is a curb bracelet? Did they live happily ever after?

A yellow cutting full of fascination

UNDERNEATH this wedding report is a gruesome account of the sufferings of somebody who couldn't move hand or foot until he began taking Dr. Blank's pills, when he apparently started leaping about like a gazelle.

This looks exactly like a news item and it's some time before you realise it's an ad.

On the reverse side of the cutting is a story headed OSWESTRY NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

In a letter home, she wrote: "I don't suppose you can realise the state of Liverpool at the present time . . . I went to town this morning and regretted going soon after I had started, and was only too glad to get back safely.

"Scotland Road is in a terrible state; at almost every other shop the windows are all smashed in. The car we were on was held up for a few minutes.

"I was beginning to feel a bit desperate, but there was a gentleman next to me with two loaded revolvers, so I was all right. He was a very nice man.

"The night before he was on a car which had been held up and all the windows smashed. He had to stand in front of the driver with a revolver in his hand to keep the rioters off at all. The drivers and conductors here have had an awful time. Their lives are as much endangered as it is possible to be."

Personally I never feel "all right" alongside anyone with two loaded revolvers! But what was going on? Oswestry, I've discovered from our atlas, is near the Welsh border. There is no date anywhere on the cutting, which is yellowed and tattered.

How fascinating to find out who preserved it so carefully, hiding it from sight under the desk's felt. Was it a relative of the bride or groom? An admirer of the brave nurse? Or perhaps just somebody who thought he might some day need Dr. Blank's miraculous pills?

Sweden has some beautiful ideas

Swedish Smorrebrod: Colourful, fun-to-eat open-faced sandwiches. With tempting toppings you can yield to. With shredded lettuce, slices of hard-boiled egg sprinkled with paprika, garnished with tomato or red pepper strips. Or with any toppings you like, but *always* with the good rich taste of rye. The good rich taste of Ry-King. Crunchy, flavoursome goodness that satisfies and delights — with never a worry about calories. Try the king of the crispbreads, Ry-King.
After all, why should the Swedes have all the good things of life?

Ry-King
CRISPBREAD

Ry-King from Sweden with *flavour!*

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Continued from page 50

THE DEMON OF KARIMPALA

has been seen in the Karimpala jungle. It adds up."

"Many tigers are lame," she said. "I don't see it adding up at all." And then she said, with an edge of mockery or disparagement, "Do you kill tigers for fun or for the thrill of it or what?"

"I shoot man-eaters because they have to be destroyed," I said. "Would you quarrel with that?"

"No," she said. "But I would expect that the great hunter gratifies his ego."

"I can think of easier and pleasanter ways to gratify the great hunter's ego." Which was true—for taking on man-eaters is a dangerous, often a disgusting, business. But was it altogether true? Did I not, in fact, work off my grudge against myself, my dissatisfaction with myself? Had the thing not become an obsession to be soothed in danger until it grew to nag again? "You should try it," I said, which was a childish petulance to a girl of twenty-one or twenty-two.

"Thanks very much," she said. "But I don't enjoy slaughtering things." She stood then and quickly dived, and I watched her swim away across the pool at Karimpala, the lazy flutter of the legs, the long arms scything, hair trailing, to turn at the other end. She came back and stood waist-deep below me. "I'm sorry I was rude," she said. "I'm in such a muddle about everything."

She laughed up at me, and perhaps at herself. How disarming, how charming to see carefree youth in her face; but the haunt of unhappiness returned.

It disturbed me, and I went swimming breaststroke. Then I floated on my back. It was that last hour of the Indian day, when the light is kindly and green parakeets fly in to roost. I watched them passing overhead, and then I climbed out of the pool to let the late sun dry me off. Her face was tilted to the hurtling, crying parakeets, and she was smiling.

But now I heard a high hubbub of voices, and the deeper voice of Fazl Haq. I listened a short time, a few seconds, enough to know the detail of the news that those frenetic voices had already told me. "A boy has been killed," I said to Yvonne Kittery, who had said that the killing of man-eaters gratified my great hunter's ego; but she not know the price I paid.

"At a village three miles west," I said. "I must hurry."

"I told you it wasn't at Karimpala."

"You don't know what you're talking about," I said irritably. But as I ran I wondered why this girl was so concerned to deny that the man-eater used the deep jungle of Karimpala as a base from which to conduct operations. The thing was obvious. One glance at the X's of death marked on a map was enough to tell a knowledgeable person. But she denied the possibility. It was peculiar.

That night I sat in the crotch of a tree above the remains of a small boy's body. I sat alone through the setting of the moon, with the dark life of the jungle all that night. But the tiger did not come. The people of the village came soon after sunrise, beating drums. They would burn what was left of the tiger's kill.

I went back to Karimpala to sleep a few hours through the heat of day, and then to plan further against the brute. Do you remember Emerson?

If the red slayer think he slays
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

That inscrutable verse was with me in the forest, snatches of it with me in my sleep; and once I heard her say it in her wonderful soft voice. I could have sworn that Yvonne said it all to me, awake now on my bed on the veranda at Karimpala. But she was not there in the shadows in the moonlit night.

Three days passed, and the tiger did not kill again. "Sahib!" said old Fazl Haq, who had been my father's bearer. There had been a soldier Hill, or a planter Hill, or an administrator Hill in India since Company times, two hundred years.

And now India was free, yet still mine to possess and be possessed by — the same testy love affair for me as for those others, dead and buried. "Sahib!" the inevitable preliminary to his pleading with me about this obsession—kill the tiger or be killed! It had grown stronger in my solitary years, but now at Karimpala with the girl, her sick father, I was possessed.

"Do shut up, Fazl," I said in English. He went away muttering, and I sat alone until I heard a few light steps on the veranda, the scuff of a chair on concrete. To go or not to go? But, of course, to go, as the moth goes to the lamp. I took a glass of whisky in my hand. "Hullo," I said.

"Oh, hi," she said. She wore a blouse, a man's trousers of khaki drill. She had a figure to look well in any gunny sack, or anything at at all, or next to nothing in a bathing suit. Her hair was straight from swimming and brushed to glisten in the moon, which was three nights stronger than on the night I spent up a tree. "It's a lovely night," she said quietly to me.

To page 54

Now Heinz gives your baby more to grow on with more vitamins, more protein

Baby's bright eyes, clear skin, healthy appetite & happy disposition are visible proof of the extra nourishment that is provided by Heinz new peak-nutrition Baby Foods

THE secret of Heinz added nourishment is the exclusive, new peak-nutrition cooking method. In all other cooking methods, some nourishment is wasted.

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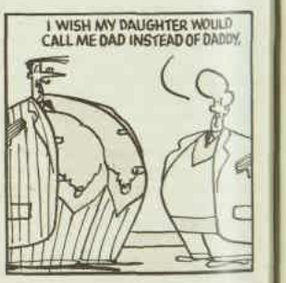
Heinz gives your baby more to grow on

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD



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It's the season for them! Weston's chocolate biscuits are lavishly coated with dark, rich, pure chocolate. The purest chocolate, in fact, that you've ever tasted. Your family, your friends will all love the six delicious varieties — Chocolate Rings, Chocolate Dessert, Chocolate Wheaten, Chocolate Sticks, Chocolate Crunch and Chocolate Mint Sundaes. Why not buy some Weston's chocolate biscuits today!

Weston's

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Advertisement

A delicate skin will rejoice with a rich reward of radiant beauty by combining two tablespoons of warm fresh milk with a tablespoon of oil of Ulan. Use several pieces of cottonwool and gently smooth the liquid over the skin until you feel it is clear, clean and pure. Gently stroke the balance of the liquid over your skin so the moist oil of Ulan sinks into into the skin cells to nourish and give your complexion velvet smoothness.

. . . *Margaret Merril.*

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

269

No. 267.—MATERNITY TWO-PIECE SUIT

This smart maternity two-piece suit is available cut out to make in royal, brown, and olive silk-finish corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/19/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

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This set of three pot-holders is cut out ready to embroider on green, cocoa, blue, and lilac cesarine. Price is 7/6 plus 1/- postage and dispatch.

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These cosy pyjamas for either boy or girl are available cut out to make in white, pink, or blue heavy-quality flannelette. Sizes 4 and 6 years, £1/12/6; 8 and 10 years, £1/14/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

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THE DEMON OF KARIMPALA

Continued from page 52

"All the March nights are lovely," I said. Sometimes we were polite together; a few times we laughed together. We talked off and on, as preoccupied people will. But her real thoughts were closed to me. I saw her at breakfast when I came back from the jungle. Most of the days she was with her father, to whom her devotion was true and touching. She swam in the afternoons. We met for this hour after dinner on the nights that I was in camp.

But one evening just before dusk I met her on the watercourse that ran down from the foothills. I came on her round an island of the dry river bed, alone and unarmed in man - eater country. My nerves were none too steely, and I lost my temper, called her a little idiot—at which she told me to mind my own damned business.

It was a hot exchange; but when I threatened that either she stayed within the maharaja's fence or I would speak to her father, she yielded angrily and resentfully at once. She had a blind, unreasoning objection about killing things — hence a strong dislike for that aspect of me. But she did not seem to dislike being with me.

As for myself, after four days I was baffled by her and entranced by her. The tiger, the girl — my two unknowns. Life was a slightly blissful and hellish confusion, if you know what I mean.

"Any developments?" she asked, still looking at me, and then turning to the jungle in the moon.

"It's four nights since the boy was killed," I said. "We ought to get a kill tonight if the tiger is here again — and I think it is. I have eight young buffaloes tied up, the easiest kills extant."

"Poor young buffaloes," she said. "So cruel."

I began to speak, but she broke in, "Don't bother to tell me about being cruel to be kind, the greater good, the end justifies, and so on. The man-eater isn't at Karimpala. So you will kill the wrong tiger. But that will be fun for you anyway."

"If you would confine yourself to expressing opinions about such small things as you know about," I said, "you would do better and perhaps be less insulting."

That silenced her. Now a brain-fever bird was calling in the garden of the bungalow at Karimpala. It called for heat — more heat tomorrow and the next day, into April, into May forever, mounting every night. I listened to it. She listened to it. One cannot but listen to the brain-fever bird.

"You're going to die," she said. "You're going to die, up and up and on and on to stop and die." She shivered.

She had lost her mother, would lose her father. "You're going to die" are the European words to that song or call. But about whose death did Yvonne shiver? "Shall I get you a drink?" I said.

"I would love one, Peter."

I brought that for her, and her hand touched mine as she took the glass. Her cool supple hand enclosed the glass above my hand for a few seconds, until she pulled at the glass, and I let go. "A tug of war," she said to me after the first touch of our hands. But her smile was gone. "Oh, dear," she said, "things are so muddled." The brain-fever bird was calling.

"'Pee-kahan?' they say in Hindustani. 'Where is my love?' are their words for the brain-fever bird."

"I didn't know," she said. "Where is my love? That's rather nice. And your love is waiting in the jungle to be killed."

She had been so gentle and now she needled me again in that most gentle voice. Why? "I would like to be with you away from here," I said. "I would like to hear you talk all night, on deck in the Indian Ocean. Yes, I think so." Thus I told her. "And no damned tigers," I said. I sat on alone, listening to the murmur in her father's room; and then Yvonne's voice. "All right, daddy," she said along there. "I promised, didn't I? Good night then, darling."

She came back to stand, profiled against the jungle in the moon. The brain-fever bird was having a rest. Brain-fever started up again. "That blasted bird," she said.

"India," I said.

"Yes," Yvonne said. "And sometimes I hate it. Good night, Peter Hill."

I WAS a long time finding sleep — "Good night, Peter Hill," and, "If the red slayer think he slays," and things I could wish her to say to me. But she had not said them. "Your love is waiting in the jungle to be killed," she had said to me. And, "They know not well the subtle ways I keep, and pass, and turn again." "Good night, Peter Hill."

The tiger did not kill a buffalo that night, but it left tracks in the Karimpala jungle. Now I was sure. I was going to tell Yvonne at breakfast, but did not quite dare — Peter Hill being the enemy that morning.

I made up an hour's sleep after lunch and then was awake to see her walking to the swimming pool. I watched her go — as some Peeping Tom, or as some tiger lurks — to follow to share the pool for half an hour before going to the jungle again. But Kittery's bearer brought the salaams of the Sahib, and I went to see him.

Martin Kittery had the look of death — the pinch, the resignation. Each morning he walked to the gate and back and managed a slice of toast, a mouthful of egg, nauseated by the drugs that eased his pain. He was a stout chap, Martin Kittery.

Now he sat in bed, the fan creaking back and forth. He told me a story. It was a strange story, I suppose, although there have been many like it, many stranger stories of India and Africa, of all our world.

"You are sure?" he said.

"No doubt now at all," I said. "I took a plaster-of-paris cast of the off fore footprint in mud where the boy was killed the other day. I took another cast in mud this morning at a waterhole

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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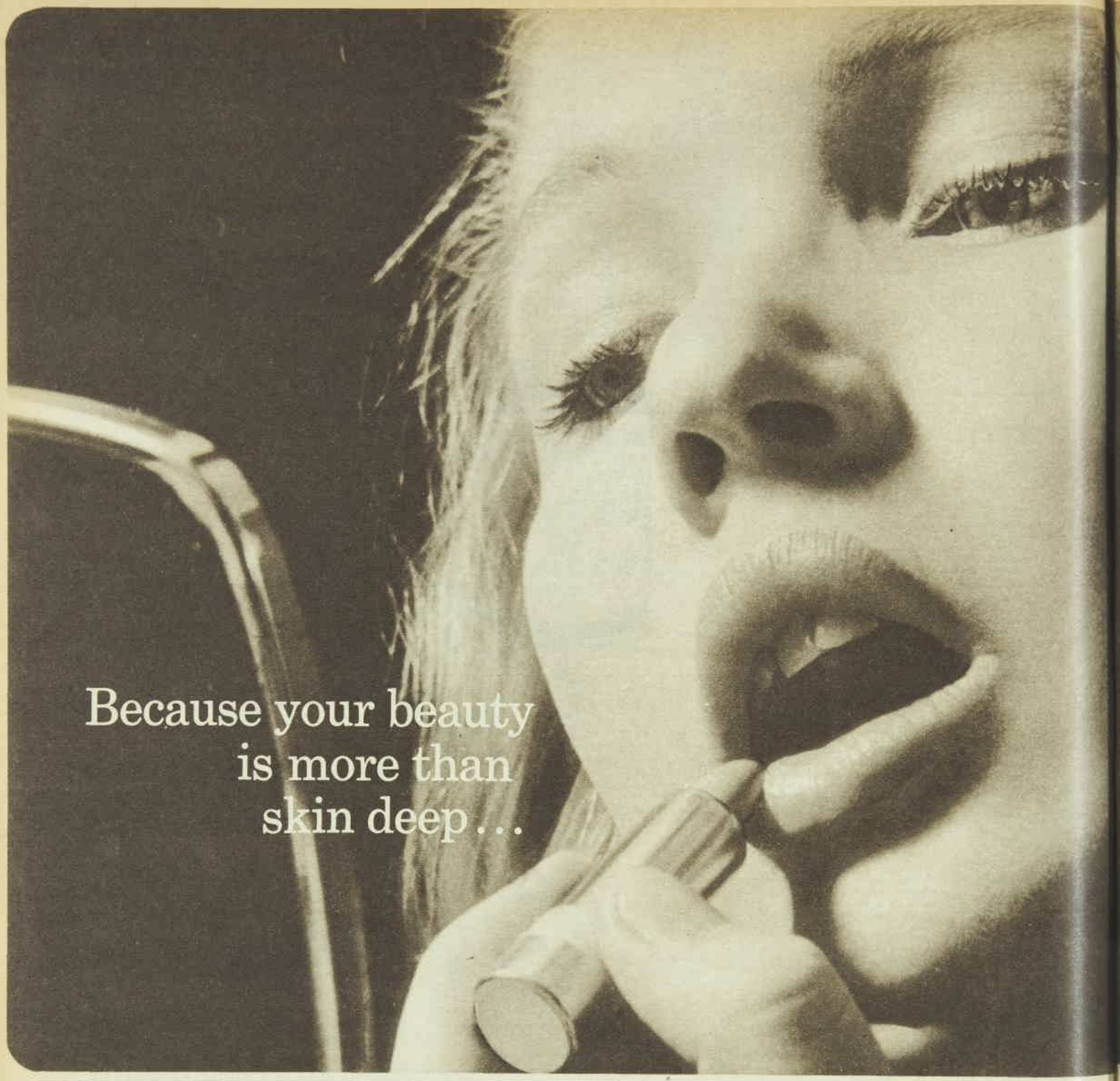

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Your nails . . .

Details of beauty that mark the well-groomed woman. Care for your nails with manicure sets that shape and smooth . . . choose from many shades of lacquer that range from delicate blush to daring fires. At your family chemist's you'll find all the aids to beauty.

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This is where beauty begins. Healthy, well-styled, well-groomed hair is the first step to loveliness. Consult your family chemist for the hair care items right for you . . . the type of shampoo, the hair sprays, colourisers, and the basics: combs and brushes essential to healthy lustre.

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Poets still sing of the touch of a woman's hand . . . and, in this sunny land, hands need the extra care of modern cosmetic and medical knowledge. The lotions, creams, delicate soaps that make your hands beautiful to see and to touch are yours to choose at your family chemist's.

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Dedicated to MUM the family's dietician

Whether I cook with it...

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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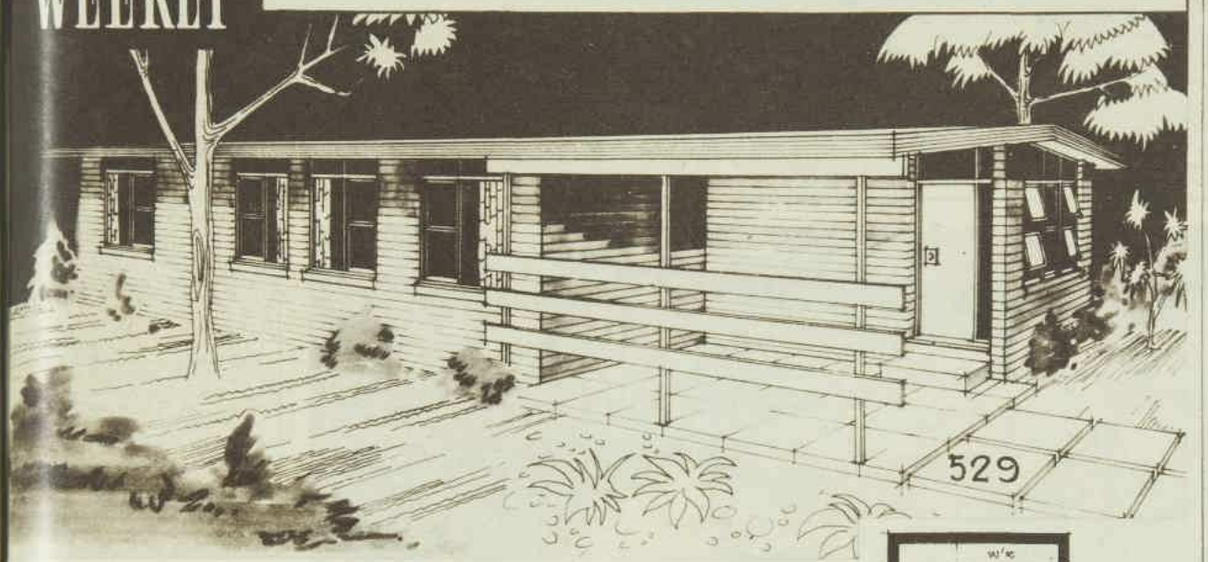


The problem of designing a family sized home for a site with a small frontage is solved this week with Home Plan No. 529.

WITH the increasing scarcity of wide blocks in the larger city suburban areas, more and more home-seekers are forced to buy narrow home sites. This week's plan, a well-designed three-bedroom home, has an overall width of only 24 feet.

PERSPECTIVE (above) shows the low-pitched roof extending over the carport and the front entry.

The plan — suitable for brick construction — is a versatile one, and a fourth bedroom could easily be added, if desired, beside bedroom No. 1.

Similarly the design could be adapted to a sloping site by becoming a split-level home.

The good-sized kitchen with its double sink unit and provision for ample cupboard space is built in a semi-open style with an open buffet bench to the dining-room. This could be completely enclosed as a solid wall or built with only a pass-through servery, as required.

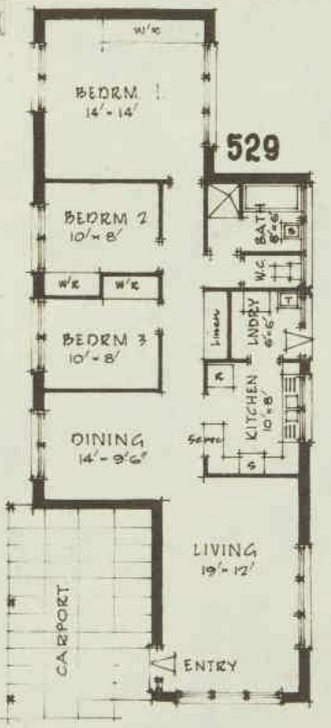
Alternatively, the dining-room could be used as a family room — ideal if there is a young family under school age.

If both dining and family rooms are required, then the living-room could be enlarged to accommodate a dining-room.

For economy in building, the laundry, kitchen, bathroom (with its separate toilet) are kept adjacent to each other. The rear door is through the laundry.

The plan is 11.75 squares in timber and 12.6 squares in brick, both excluding the carport area.

PLAN (right) indicates a practical and adaptable design for a small block with a narrow frontage.



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Continued from page 54

THE DEMON OF KARIMPALA

in the Karimpala forest. It is as good evidence as a human thumb print. What do you fear?"

"Has Yvonne been into the jungle? She promised me not to go, but I see in her face—has she, Peter, do you know?"

"Not to my knowledge," I lied, to spare him. "Go on, sir."

"She is brooding. I see a secret, something haunts her — her mother gone, me on the way. A reaching back? An expiation or a longing. I don't know. I know nothing of humanity — and least of the depths of Yvonne, her mother's daughter. A horror of killing, too much thought of death?"

He paused. They had given him six months, and soon he would sail home to England. "I am afraid," he said. "I am afraid of what might happen if it should transpire that the man-eater of Karimpala is Sher Bahadur, her mother's pet tiger cub. I am afraid of what may happen when you kill that animal, as kill it you must. Watch her, Peter! Help us."

"I will try, sir," I said. "If she trusted me more and disliked me less, it might be easier."

He smiled. "My dear boy," he said. "That she trusts you against her wishes may be at least part of her troubles. That she dislikes what you are here to do is another part. That a woman is provoked more by her likes than her dislikes might be another part."

"I must go," I said, itching more than ever to go back up there.

"Peter," he said. "Forgive me for preaching and indulging in self-pity — but if I had your youth and strength again I would be thinking of the joy of life. Then what would I have to take out on tigers?"

"Thank you, sir," I said and left him. I was ashamed. Here at Karimpala I had found at last the painful joy of life. But here at Karimpala, which she had called the loveliest place in West Bengal, the tiger — her tiger? — waited for me.

We sat until eleven, the moon nearly full, that bird in the garden. To be a really provoking, cruel man, I thought of suggesting that I fetch my little gun and rid us of that blasted bird. She needed to be needled, have her leg pulled, just as much as I did. But no, I was the cunning lover boy.

I made her talk about herself, a lullaby to which I listened, offering cues to more delight. "And music, Yvonne? Tell me what you like."

She liked Sibelius and hotcha stuff. She liked Groucho and the ballet. She had been madly in love with a ski instructor at Mont Tremblant.

Her mother was a French Canadian, and Yvonne had gone to school in Canada, had lived at her grandfather's south-shore seigneury by the St. Lawrence. Bears, moose, and deer? Well, of course. She liked Christ's teachings, but ought to be a Buddhist, really.

She talked on, and I listened. "I wish you were always so restful as this," she said to me. Yes, I seemed restful, listening to her. But I was plotting. Soon now I would woo her to the subject, to pour her troubled heart out, to tell me.

But a sound shocked the jungle into silence, shocked the brain-fever bird. Her head turned instantly. Her head turned always to the smallest jungle sounds. But this was no small sound. A tiger had coughed, the short, deep wooff. The noise filled the jungle and was gone.

"One of my buffaloes, I suppose," I said. "I should have sat up." I had stayed in camp tonight for the duty, the pleasure, the excuse of keeping an eye on Yvonne. Besides, it is usually a waste of time to hunt the needle in the haystack. Wait until the tiger-needle has been drawn to the magnet of a kill.

And even then the chance of a man-eater's coming back is small. Familiarity breeds contempt, yet an inordinate wariness. "I should have sat up tonight," I said again.

"Sat up to shoot the wrong one," came the gramophone record in the golden voice.

"There is always that chance," I said warily. "But the only tracks I have seen at Karimpala belong to a lame tiger. And now I have positive proof. Let me show you my plaster casts." This was what I had planned to do when I had won her sympathy, but the mood was shattered.

There was some talk in the jungle now again—a cheetah called alarm. The brain-fever bird was at it: "You're going to die. Who's going to die? Where is my love? Where is the frenzy of my love?"

"Let me show you," I said.

"No!" she cried at me. "No, no, no!" She went into her room.

I lay awake. There is a time when the coolness comes on a night in March and you lean forward for the folded blanket. That time came, but I did not sleep. The moon dipped round to make a flimsy room of my mosquito net. I feared to sleep. I watched the wise or foolish moon until I shut my eyes against it, then I dozed.

I heard a sound. It was a soft, metallic shutting of the gate. I broke my scorpion rules and ran barefooted round the veranda to her room—she slept inside. But the mosquito net was not tucked in and Yvonne's bed was empty.

I walked up the middle of the watercourse. It was not as light as day, but here on the dry, white sand of the river bed it was light enough to see the smudged imprint of a woman's shoe. Should I call—and call the tiger, too? Should I call "Yvonne! Where are you? Get up a tree at once?" But the tiger might hear me, and she might not. Or she might hear me and hide from her pursuer, her pursuers.

So I went silently up the middle. It was wide here—twenty yards to either bank, open ground behind my sensitive back, bare sand and stones to a bend ahead. I walked up the moonland of the watercourse. When the first man walks the moonlands of the moon, he may walk in such a place; but a dead place, not a place where life and love are quarry—that is, unless man takes his warring madness to the moon.

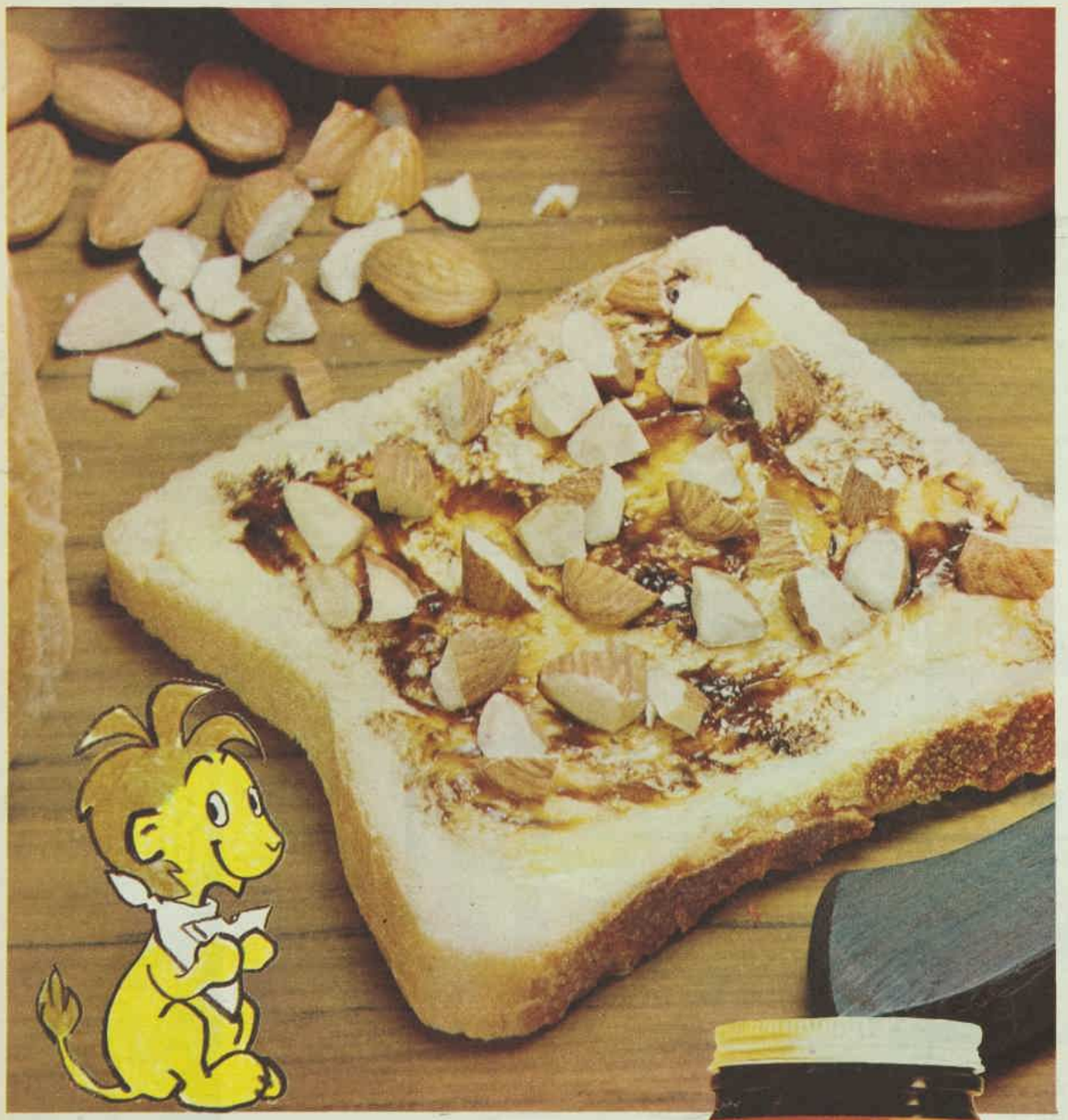
I came to the narrow bend in the dry river's course. On my right was a rock, head-high. Round that and beyond it the first of my young buffaloes was tied up. If the tiger had killed this buffalo for easy meat—"If the red slayer think he slays . . ."

To page 62

FROM THE BIBLE

● *You know that at the sports all the runners run the race, though only one wins the prize. Like them, run to win!*

—I Corinthians 9:24.



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COLLECTOR'S CORNER

OUR expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

Victorian silver bowls

SOME years ago I bought a fruit or dessert set at an antique sale. It includes many plates, several serving dishes, and two tall stemmed serving dishes as shown in the enclosed picture. Each piece, which is in pale pink and green, edged with gold, is slightly different in design.

On the back of the plates is written Springer and Co. Elbogen and Turgot. I have been told that it is Viennese, but would be interested in knowing more about it. — Mrs. R. Bennett, Auckland, New Zealand.

The dessert set, decorated in pastel shades was made in Vienna in 1880-1890. The first porcelain works was established in Vienna in 1718 by a Dutchman, Claude Innocent de Pasquier. From 1744 until 1864 the factory was under government control.

Viennese dessert set

I WOULD like some information regarding three pieces of silver which have been in my family for some time. It has been assumed these pieces were a set, for they consist of one large bowl (used as a fruit dish) and two smaller ones of the same shape and design (probably meant for nuts or small soft fruit). The markings are as follows: Letters D.J., and side view of Leopard's face; Letter W and a lion, letter K. and side view of Queen Victoria's face. These five different symbols are each separately encased in their shields. The bowls are all ornate, of a basket-weave and floral pattern. One of the smaller bowls has the letters J.V. and side view of a lion and Leopard's face and letter P.

The other small bowl does not differ much from the first small one described except the first shield contains the initials C.— and the letter H. beneath in place of J.V. — Mrs. N. Kremer, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

These silver bowls bear London Hallmarks — Victoria era (1837 to 1902). It would be necessary for me to know the exact type of lettering together with the shape of the shields to ascertain the exact makers and the year. However, the K. represents the date letter — K. was used in 1845, 1865, and 1885. If the shield is shaped in true shield style it is 1885, and earlier if not.

★ ★ ★

CAN you tell me about an unusual vase I own? The outside is ornamented with a bronze gold pattern of small whorls. It appears to bear the mark 2670 and engraved on the bottom is Doulton, Lambeth, England. —Mrs. C. J. Dallison, North Island, New Zealand.

Your vase is early 20th-century Doulton. The impressed mark which occurs on this piece was first used about 1891 and was used as late as 1956. It appears on stonewares of a small size.

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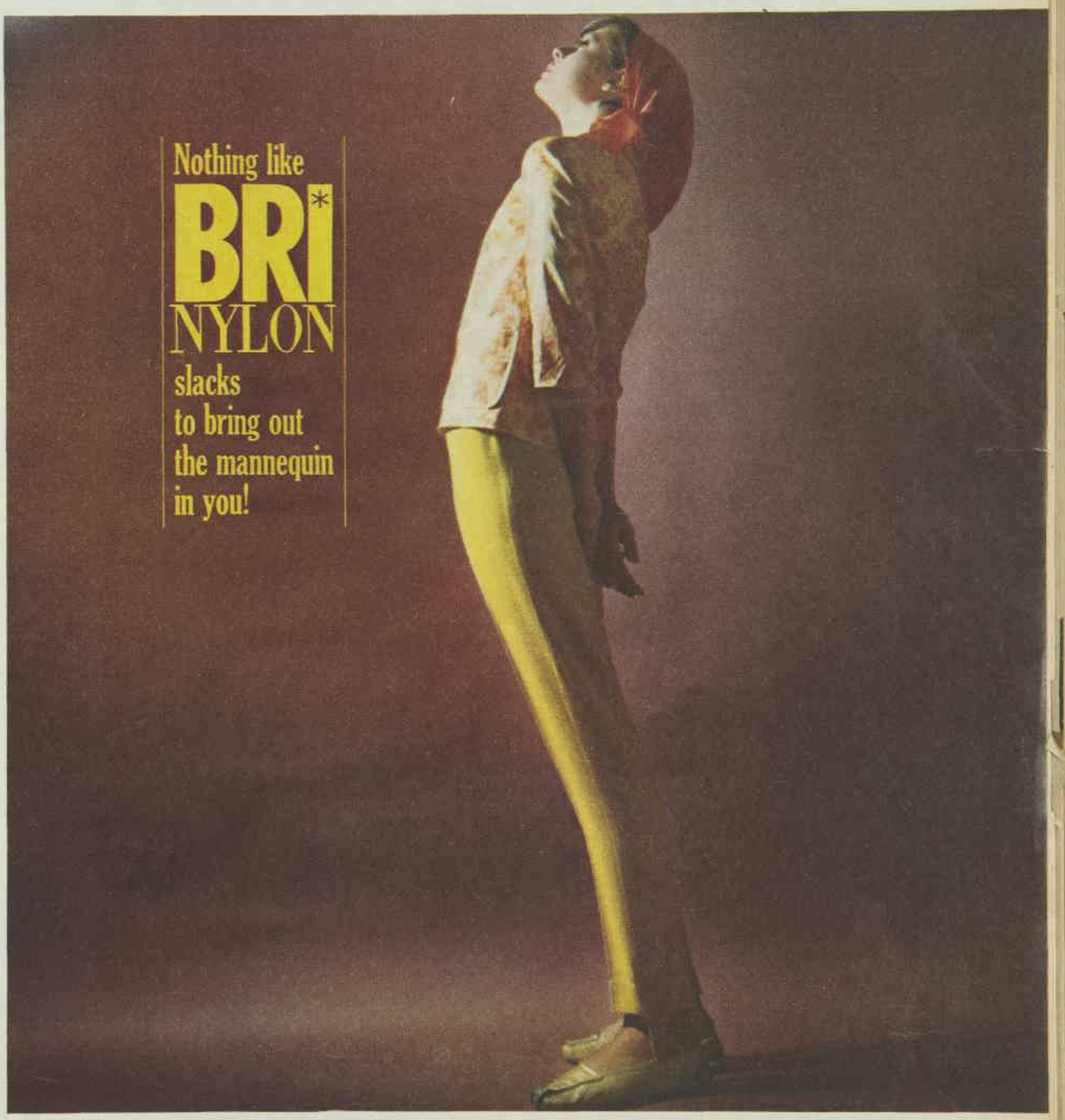

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WINTER MISERY?

Continued from page 60

THE DEMON OF KARIMPALA

Ahead was a wooded island between two channels. On the left the bank was undercut, above it scrub growth, and in that, one large tree, a banyan, monster of flying root and twisting vine. I paused. Nothing moved. There was no sound. I could see no tracks.

Here was my time again, I knew. There had been other such times; but then I had not glimpsed the prize of life to make life precious. I must go round that rock, and there the tiger would be waiting.

I kept close to it, my double-barrelled rifle in both hands, muzzles to the left. I went on round the rock.

"Behind you, Peter!" I had heard nothing before that high wild cry. But now as I swung the tiger coughed, and my world was blasted in the sound, the hate, the charging tiger. I fell back as I turned. The shot went off. The rifle was torn from me.

I saw the rifle fly and the lame tiger gallop. I heard the bullet ricochet, whine harmlessly away above the Karimpala forest.

Then I was on the rock, my lowly citadel. The tiger — where was the tiger? "Where are you?" I said, and the tiger snarled from the wooded island in the river bed.

"I'm here," said Yvonne Kittery, and the tiger snarled. A night breeze stirred the leaves of the banyan tree, whence her voice had come. My sweat was colder in the breeze. The moonlight gleamed a little on my gun, one barrel loaded at the moment. The rifle lay on sand — undamaged, was my guess — in the middle of a roughly equilateral triangle: Yvonne, tiger, me.

She was fairly safe, and the tiger was entirely safe, and I was pinned at the tiger's pleasure. It could stand on mind legs and use a good paw to swipe me off. The young buffalo was still alive, straining against its tether, terrified. So cruel to tie them up for slaughter bait!

"Oh, Sher Bahadur!" she called softly, and the tiger growled. "Oh, Sher Bahadur, listen to me! Listen to my voice, Brave Tiger!"

"You know, Peter," Martin Kittery had told me, "Louise, my wife, had an astounding power with animals, with any animals. It was her voice, I think, and something more — a sympathy; or 'empathy' might be a better word. One person in a thousand or a million has it.

"Sher Bahadur was nearly three-quarter grown, perfectly docile, half giant puppy, giant kitten. But our people in the garden were scared stiff of him. In the end I said he had to go, because there always must come the blooding time. The Calcutta zoo? Louise would rather have had him shot, she said, and such an idea was unbearable to her.

"And so, flatly against my wishes, she went to the maharaja — she was wilful and wonderful, just like Yvonne.

"We brought him secretly in the tea-garden lorry. I remember her talking to him all the way. I can see her and young Yvonne walk with Sher Bahadur up that watercourse in the afternoon to say goodbye. But it was not quite adieu, I think, because in the first years afterward, when we came here, Louise would go alone into the jungle. I never asked her, and she did not tell me. Yvonne was away in Canada almost all those years until she lost her mother."

"How many years ago did you bring the tiger to Karimpala?" I asked.

"Let me see," he said. "Yvonne was eight — yes, fourteen years ago."

Now the tiger would be fifteen or so — but a tiger's life span is thirty years.

Yvonne was talking. She talked as lovers talk when lovers are at peace between the fevers that are also love. I moved on my rock. The tiger growled.

"Be quiet, Sher Bahadur," Yvonne said. "Now listen to me." She talked on, the soothing benefaction of that voice, her mother's voice. "Do you remember how she used to tell you stories of a tiger lying in the sun, the sun so warm, the snow so cold to make a tiger's fur grow thick? Do you remember, Sher Bahadur?"

The tiger was puffing through its lips, bubbling puffs of tiger pleasure, friendship. "Sher Bahadur, you keep still. When I move, keep still . . . Remember, Peter, keep quite still." Her voice had not changed from the flowing, soothing rhythm of a lazy river.

The tiger still puffed pleasure through its lips, and Yvonne climbed slowly down. She was talking now of snow again, of cool delicious snow where tigers came from long ago.

She talked of that here in the sandy watercourse where snow would never lie so long as men and tigers lived; and the tiger bubbled pleasure out of sight, and Yvonne strolled across the sand and bent for the rifle, talking still, a few yards from that puffing sound of tiger happy, a man-killer lulled to peace.

She strolled on down to me, as lovely as a lovely girl alone with smiling thoughts in Bond Street, still telling tiger stories in her mother's voice — soft, limpid, and beguiling. But the tiger puffed no more.

I saw a stirring, bunching in undergrowth. "Now run!" I commanded Yvonne, and she ran. I bent down for the barrels, grasped them. I shot the lame tiger between the eyes, and it thudded to thrash against the rock below me. I do so many things so badly, and I always will, but I was a damned good shot.

I looked at the body of Sher Bahadur. There was an old wound in the elbow of the off foreleg. Had that turned him to hunt men? Or had it been the softness, kindness, a gentle voice from long ago? Never pamper the bull calf, lest it grow to be the killer bull.

Her father had not asked her mother whether she talked to Sher Bahadur in the Karimpala jungle in the after years. I did not ask Yvonne what had brought her here. I thought I knew.

I laid my rifle down and comforted my love, and soon we kissed with passion in the moonland of the watercourse.

Then, being Yvonne, she insisted that we collect my eight young water buffaloes from here and there about Karimpala. And that we did, and the poor creatures of man's whim followed us quite skittishly to live another while.

The buffaloes browsed at the gate. We walked up the garden where the brain-fever bird was calling. "You're going to die," it called for some of us, for all of us sometime. "Where is my love?" it called for all of us. "Here is my love," it called for those of us so blessed.

We went hand in hand to the bungalow where Fazl Haq was waiting. The old man smiled. He raised his hand in a kind of blessing and said to me, "Now the Sahib will learn a father's wisdom."

We swam in the pool as the moon went down. It is a lovely place, that Karimpala, yours or mine.

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Teenagers' WEEKLY

JUST GIVE NAT THE SIMPLE SURFARI LIFE

LEFT: Sydney surfer Nat Young shows the style that has made him a world surfboard champion. ABOVE: Nat surrounded by some of the trophies he has won. He bought the llama-skin rug in Peru, where he recently won a world surfing title and was runner-up in another.

By KERRY YATES

● The red-carpet treatment for surfers in Peru — from a luxurious clubhouse to the boys employed to wax and carry members' boards to the water—didn't impress top Sydney board-rider Robert ("Nat") Young.

"BOARD-RIDING is more a social symbol than a sport in Peru," said Nat. "It costs about 1000 dollars (about £A500) a year to join the exclusive Waikiki Board Club there.

"There are very few teenage board-riders. Most are around 25, because the young ones just can't afford to keep up with Peru's select 'surfie society.'

"Surfboards which cost about £45 in Australia sell for as much as 300 dollars (about £150)," said Nat. "In fact, I sold one of mine for £190 when I was there."

Nat, 17, of Warrawee, N.S.W., spent four weeks in Peru to compete in this year's World Surfboard Championships, which were held at Ponta Rocas Beach in February.

He won the seven-mile World Paddle Race and took second place in the World Surfboard Championship, won by a Peruvian surfer Felipe Pomar.

"The Peruvians were perfect hosts and booked us in a fabulous hotel just near the beach," said Nat. "It certainly was enjoyable for a few weeks, but I couldn't live there — I'd miss the casual atmosphere of surfing in Australia.

"I guess the riders in Peru would be amazed to see how we rough it on surfaris in Australia — sleeping on beaches or in cars and doing what we like when we like. But that's the best thing about the sport.

"Everything's so organised in Peru," said Nat. "I'd crawl out of bed about 10 o'clock and send a message down to the beach that I'd be down in five minutes. The 'beach boys', young local lads employed by the club, would have my board waxed and waiting for me at the water's edge.

Hard work

"It sounds as if the Peruvians have it made, but unfortunately no one seems to take board-riding seriously," he said. "And it's like any sport, if you want to be good you've got to work at it."

Nat is recognised as one of the world's top surfboard riders.

As well as the two silver trophies (a world globe and a model surfboard) he brought home from Peru, Nat has won 14 other trophies and two overseas trips for surfing.

He won a trip to Hawaii for the 1964 International Surfing titles as Australian Champion and won his trip to Peru in a seven-mile paddle race in Sydney.

Though Nat has "surfed" Hawaii, California (on the Hawaiian trip last year), and Peru, his favorite surfing spot is in Australia.

"Byron Bay, on the far north coast of N.S.W., is my pick," he said. "I'm not saying it has the best waves in the world, but I always enjoy the good long rides there."

Since Nat left school two years ago there's been hardly a day when he hasn't gone surfing.

"I think board-riding is a full-time sport if you want to reach the top," he said. "But, of course, most boys have jobs and careers to think of first and can only be weekend surfers.

"Fortunately, I've been able to make surfing my business, too."

When he visited California Nat noticed the latest craze with American teenagers was the skate board — a miniature surfboard on wheels. When he returned to Australia, he and two friends formed a company and started the craze here.

"In no time we had 17 people working for us and were selling hundreds a week," said Nat. "I sold my partnership in the company just before I went to Peru."

Designing

And since he returned to Sydney Nat has been designing equipment—from board shorts to a surfboard—for manufacturing companies.

He's also been modelling surfing fashions and has made personal appearances in some of Sydney's leading department stores.

Next month Nat, who's already appeared in several Australian and American surfing movies (including *The Endless Summer*, *Surfing the Southern Cross*, and *The Young Wave Hunters*), plans a trip to South Australia with Sydney film producer Bob Evans.

"We want a surfing trip along the Great Australian Bight, with Bob shooting scenes of me riding waves for his new movie," said Nat.

ALL THE COURREGES!

ANDRE COURREGES is famous as Paris's "ideas" designer of way-out fashions. In his latest spring collection, for instance, he had zany young ideas for chic girls — goggles, open-toed boots, skirts cut three inches above the knees. The picture above shows that Courreges can be conservative, too. These three *jeune fille* styles show the new short length with eased skirts, slender, fitting sleeves, and demure necklines.

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Letters

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Verdicts on the part-time job . . .

ON the subject of part-time jobs for schoolchildren, I would like to say that I think it is a good idea and one which benefits in several ways.

One is the extra pocket-money, which is the factor that most influences children to work part time. However, I think the most important benefit of such work is that it greatly helps children make up their minds regarding future careers.

My cousin, who was in second-year high school, decided she would like to work when she reached school-leaving age. She did not seem to mind the idea of working in a shop behind a counter for years on end.

Her mother disliked this idea and suggested to her that she work part time in a department store for the two weeks before Christmas. After one week in the store my cousin decided to continue at school.

She did continue, and with far more interest in her work. She obtained the Leaving Certificate and is now teaching.—*Barbara Flynn, Broken Hill, N.S.W.*

. . . No good

SCHOOL years are for school, and when you have left school you will have plenty of time to work and gain experience.

When you reach high-school stage and you want to have good or even average grades, you have to buckle down to your school work and study. Everyone isn't, and can't be, a "brain".

Most students have a hard first year because of the big change from grade seven to first year. Homework takes up the greatest amount of time at the weekend, and what time you have got over is often spent in a sports team. If you have a job, when do you find time to relax?

To keep a good or small job you still have to work hard. I work during the day and attend a typing class once a week. — *"Working Girl," Maitland, S.A.*

In my day it was a rare teenager (we did not call them that then) who showed any interest in world affairs or anything outside his own particular hobby.

We need not worry too much about the future of this great country of ours with today's teenagers as its potential leaders.

"Don't forget the bon-voyage party for Lancelot — his landlady is evicting him next week."

Grandfather knows best

I AM an 82-year-old great grandfather, and I firmly believe that today's teenagers are the finest group of young people I have ever known. I am the proud father of 11 children, 23 grand-children, and five great-grandchildren, so I think I can judge.

I have read T.W. ever since it started, and the standard of thinking displayed in the letters on all sorts of subjects shows that today's young people are not all the juvenile delinquents that some people say.

So don't fret, young people, when you hear yourselves criticised by older people who have forgotten what it is like to have ideals. Just remember that your parents were probably a lot worse — and I ought to know! — *Bill Armstrong, Griffith, A.C.T.*

Napoli ever after

TO teenagers who have plenty of spare time and no particular hobby, I would recommend the study of another language.

Perhaps the simplest language to learn would be Italian. The pronunciation is easy, and many of the words are similar to English ones.

I began learning Italian at school and have continued to study it. Now I find I am able to understand what people say, and to make myself understood in return.

There is an Italian girl living near me, and she helps me with Italian and I help her with English. We have become firm friends and she now better understands the Australian way of life. — *Joan T. Curtis, West Beach, S.A.*

Party idea

IF any readers are stuck for entertainment at a small party, here's an idea that works wonders.

Have all the guests seated around the television set, but turn the sound right down. Give each guest a part in the film being shown and let them make up their own dialogue. Being cut off in the middle of a sentence is half the fun. — *Amanda Davey, Cottesloe, W.A.*

Well played

I READ with great interest the recent letters describing the musicals put on by two schools in Western Australia and Darwin, but feel that my school, Banyo High, has gone still a step further.

Every year we present an operetta. However, two years ago we decided to do something original. Two of our teachers adapted *Robbery Under Arms* to the stage, and called it *Captain Starlight.*

We got "rave" reviews and the play was later chosen for professional production, and included in Queensland's big Warana Festival. — *Lyn Hobbs, Banyo, Qld.*

No pride

WHY do so many Australian teenagers shudder at the thought of singing *Advance Australia Fair* or any other song which expresses our patriotism? Some ignore Australian books, saying they are babyish, while others criticise anything Australian.

Just because they are mods or rockers or any such group, they refuse to notice anything which is not teenage. I regard myself as a mod, but I do not think that is any reason why I should not be proud of Australia. — *"Proud Australian," Albury, N.S.W.*

NEXT WEEK

• A fantastic coincidence and a joke have set four pretty English schoolgirls on the ladder to entertainment fame. Read a fascinating story about their careers so far, and see the girls — called the Dollies —in color.

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Is your child sulky, listless?

Try this for overnight recovery. Kiddies who are cranky, listless, off their food, "nervy" are very often sufferers from temporary constipation. Your answer is simple; one or two chocolate Laxettes at bedtime and your child can be happy and well again next day. Laxettes contain an exact dose of the safest, surest laxative you can buy, and there's no taste but the chocolate. Buy a packet today, and when nature forgets, remember Laxettes. 3/6.

LA.SSH

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Training young 'Old Master' painters

By MILDRED EDEN

● In workrooms that look like a chemistry laboratory, a woodwork shop, and a photographer's studio, two boys at the New South Wales Art Gallery are training in an unusual trade.

RETOUCHING is part of the work of a restorer being studied by Alan Lloyd (seated) and Ian Cook (left) under the guidance of Mr. W. Bowstead, Conservator of the N.S.W. Art Gallery.

ALAN LLOYD, 22, and Ian Cook, 18, are learning how to restore paintings.

Ian has just begun the course after leaving school.

"I happened to see an advertisement in the paper which interested me," he said. "I applied for the job, which is eventually at the new National Library in Canberra, but I have to complete the course here first."

Alan was a clerk in Newcastle, N.S.W., attending art classes at the Technical College at night. "I learnt about the apprenticeship course through my teacher there," he said. "He knew I was interested in getting art work. I began 18 months ago."

The three-year course is conducted by the Conservator at the Gallery, Mr. W. Bowstead. The boys say it is the only one of its kind in Australia, and was begun 2½ years ago.

Although their basic training is as restorers, if they have the ability the boys could become conservators.

This highly skilled work includes supervising a collection so closely as to anticipate possible future deterioration in a painting, and take steps to prevent it.

Not all galleries in Australia have conservators.

Ian was in the "woodwork" section when Mr. Bowstead introduced him. "Manual dexterity is important," explained the boys' teacher. "Making picture frames helps them learn how to use their hands, as well as giving them useful knowledge for later work."

Delicate job

Alan was retouching a painting. "He can let his head go on that one, as it is only to give him practice, and not part of the Gallery's collection," said Mr. Bowstead. "Retouching is a very delicate operation, as nothing must be added to a painting, just lost areas restored."

The course also includes basic chemistry, mainly organic. "Among other things, it is necessary to know the compositions of some of these modern materials that avant garde painters use today," Mr. Bowstead explained.

In one room experiments are carried out to test the response of different types of paintings to changes of humidity. There is also a photographic section with darkroom and equipment.

According to Mr. Bowstead, this is no place for the creative painter.

Alan said: "I used to paint quite a lot, but I don't have much time for it now.

"It's the variety in this job which appeals to me.

"In overseas galleries where many are employed in restoration work, I would probably be doing one particular task all the time, but here I will be able to work at all the different sides of the job."

Mr. Bowstead is hoping to take another apprentice soon, perhaps from interstate. The necessary qualifications are education to Leaving Certificate standard with a good pass in chemistry, plus an interest and some competence in art.

"It's a job which combines the aesthetic and the scientific, and it requires a lot of application," he said. "I have found that 'many are called' — attracted perhaps by a glamorous false image of working among the 'Old Masters' — 'but few are chosen.'

"With such competition among business firms these days, perhaps this is not the most remunerative job for young men of this standard of education."

But when Alan and Ian both said, "It's very rewarding work," they were not speaking in terms of money.

THE CLASSICS

BIZET: Carmen

BIZET'S *Carmen* is probably the most popular opera ever written, although, like several other well-loved operas, it was slow to catch on. Poor Bizet, whose previous eight operatic works had enjoyed no more than modest success at the best, did not live to see it ride the high tide of public approval.

The qualities that make this opera outstanding are not easy to define, but they rest mainly on a rare combination of catchy tunefulness and dramatic intensity and realism.

The story, as everyone knows, concerns the fatal love of a simple young soldier for a capricious Spanish gipsy girl. The uncomplicated tunes (like the famous *Toreador's Song*) are the kind that we can imagine the characters themselves singing and dancing to; they fit quite naturally into the melodramatic action.

But despite these qualities it is an opera that seldom gets an ideal performance, mainly because the role of Carmen demands acting quality not often found in opera singers.

Leontyne Price, the American negro soprano, is, vocally at least, a striking Carmen, to judge from her forcefully dramatic singing in a brilliant new recording of the opera from RCA.

This set (three discs) has a well-chosen international cast — including, also, tenor Franco Corelli, baritone Robert Merrill, and soprano Mirella Freni — and is dynamically controlled by conductor Herbert von Karajan. The orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic. — MARTIN LONG.

ROUND ROBIN

A LASS, POOR YORICK?

● I see that an American professor of literature has come up with two startling theories.

HE believes that William Shakespeare and Robin Hood were really women.

This is truly a turn-up for the books.

The prof. says there is no better reason for the dearth of background on, and the dispute about, Shakespeare.

The subordinate role of 16th-17th century women generally — and their non-acceptance in the theatre in particular — made it necessary for the female author to disguise her sex.

The professor has nothing to offer in the matter of the Naming of the Shrew, but he's convinced he's right.

I have made a quick study of the subject and must confess there is evidence to support the theory.

Who better than a woman to create *Much Ado About Nothing?*

And were many Shakespearian characters in fact females — MacBETH, Julia Caesar?

Could not *The Merchant of Venice* pound of flesh business really have been nothing more than a new diet?

Some people would probably like to see Shakespeare discredited.

Schoolchildren, for instance, no doubt would agree that All's Well That Ends Will!

Regarding the possibility of a Robyn Hood — the professor has a similar theory about Sherwood Forest having had to be kept a man's world — it is no wonder Will was Scarlet.

Perhaps the theory explains why the Sheriff of Nottingham wanted Hood in his clutches.

Particularly if Little John was really Little Pattie!

Probably this explains why the outlaw refused to marry.

As he said, "Maid Marion haste and repent in leisure."

— Robin Adair

Beauty in Brief:

CURLS, SWIRLS FOR SPRING

● Curls, curves, and swirls are definitely the direction in which the wind of spring fashion is blowing hair, and smart girls will go for the new "Curly Locks" look this spring.

TOP-FLIGHT American hairstylist Charles of the Ritz, the instigator of this hair trend, has designed a whole collection of curly styles for girls; there are airy bubbly ones, loose bouncy ones, and ones with flare.

Soft curls and swirls, he says, are young, beguiling, and loaded with girlish charm, and the pretty "Ruffle Curl" design, pictured at right, bears this out.

"Ruffle Curl" is a casual cut that looks free and easy when blown by the spring breeze. It flips into a full curve of curls at the sides and dips low over the forehead in a ruffled bang.

The basis for this small, round, curvy silhouette begins with mid-length hair, a light permanent wave, and layer cutting that swirls into polished waves and curls.

— CAROLYN EARLE

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Kisses "on spec."

"WE are two girls aged 20. Our problem is that we wear glasses, and when we go out with boys we wonder what is the right thing to do when they kiss us goodnight. Should we take our glasses off or leave them on and have our escorts risk a damaged eye?"

"Spec. Troubles," Qld.

Surely you can manage to remove them discreetly on the way home, in the car, or during the walk to your door from the bus stop. But please don't stand there and whip them off as though you expect them to kiss you. Evidently the specs. have been no barrier to the boys kissing you. If they're not troubled, why should you be?

Scared "steady"

"THE boy I am now going steady with went steady for two years with another girl until she broke it off. He said he loves me more than her, but he is still scared that I am going to do the same thing. How can I convince him that I am not going to hurt him?"

"Marion," N.S.W.

"Once burned, twice warned." Just be patient, consistently warm and affectionate and show him that you constantly consider him and think of his happiness. This is decidedly NOT a case where you should try to make him jealous or try to save your pride by pretending indifference. Be calm, and gradually he will trust you.

Cold courtship

"I'M nearly 21, and have been going out with a wonderful boy for 18 months. I love him very much, but don't know if his feelings toward me are the same, though he gives me the impression they are. He asked me to marry him, but the problem is he has never told me he loves me, or called me romantic names as my previous boyfriends did. In fact, he is the most unromantic boy I know. But I love him, and have told him so, often."

"Jackie," W.A.

Here's a man who could well say in 18 years: "Of course, I love my wife. If I didn't, I would have told her." Solid, steady, dependable—these qualities attract you.

He sounds like a good family man, if you're willing to forget the poetic charmer of your dreams. He obviously believes in the old, but true, saying that "actions speak louder than words."

Engagement nerves

"I AM to be married in two months' time. I am buying things for the house and haven't any money left for clothes, so I wear my mother's clothes on dates with my fiance, and he always tells me how nice I look. If I tell him the truth I'm afraid he will leave me, as he is always emphatic that I look nice."

"Cinderella," Vic.

You must be suffering from engagement nerves, otherwise you'd have more sense and would give the poor man credit for some, too. He's not marrying you for your wardrobe.

You probably look beautiful to him in anything — just for fun let him catch you in a really old outfit one day.

He will probably tell you, absent-mindedly, some morning how beautiful you look when you have cream on your face and your hair in curlers.

Crush on teacher

"I AM a 14-year-old girl, and have a problem which is rather silly. I have had a crush on one of the teachers at our school since last year. The silliest part is that the teacher is a girl, also, and because of this all my friends think I am silly. I do, too, but I can't help liking her. (I know girls usually have crushes on men teachers.)"

"Mixed Up," N.S.W.

At your age, this "crush" you describe is much more appropriate than any other kind. In the early teens, girls and boys both are looking to the adults around them for an example to follow — your admiration and affection for this teacher are perfectly natural.

You clearly think that she is a fine woman, and your "crush" means nothing more than that you hope one day to resemble her.

He's a waster

"MY girlfriend is going out with a man of 30 who does not go to work. He declares he cannot get the type of job he wants. His father, who is a working man, supports him. She pays this man's way, and he is always asking her for money."

"Sincere Friend," Vic.

This man would be a wonderful prospect for any girl with an indulgent millionaire father; who wants to spend her days slaving for an ungrateful waster; or who is willing to live on charity.

This is a disgraceful situation. No man of 30 is going to change his ways radically — your friend knows what she's getting into and will break this off if she has any sense.

But remember this, and remember it well: It is HER business, not yours. Don't meddle.

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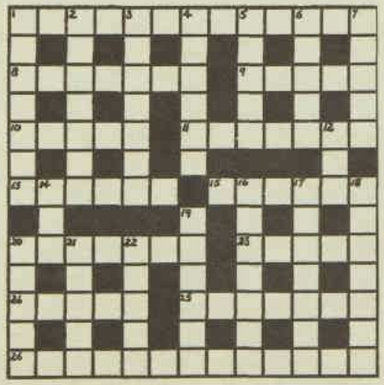
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE MOLE disappears again, and Mandrake is called to the State Department, where he learns that half the gold in Fort Knox has been stolen. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. This must cut both ways (3-5, 5).
8. A devil as to the thick laying of pigments (7).
9. A musical note (5).
10. Bound by feudal tenure in Belgium on the river Meuse (5).
11. Implement in lotes (7).
13. You cannot give legal possession of feudal property without a sin (6).
15. Used for making butter round a vase for ashes (6).
20. Entice (7).
23. Anything that happens (5).
24. Stringed musical instrument (5).
25. Causes to revolve or taste (7).
26. He surely can hold his own (3, 2, 8).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Talks with levity with a gun in the middle (7).
2. Celebrated musician of Thrace (7).
3. Recognise clearly with the help of cinders (7).
4. Book of the Old Testament (6).
5. Bears a sword with curved blade (5).
6. No human beings' prognostics (5).
7. Reside mostly on a fountain (5).
12. Pub kept by sinners (3).
14. Insect of a Puritan tailor (3).
16. Left at the bottom of a glass (7).
17. Come in again (7).
18. Furnish with adequate proof (7).
19. He laid up stock or rest (6).
20. Blank book for various insertion (5).
21. Projection at the end of a piece of wood fitting into a mortise (5).
22. Away to windward with a fool (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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